August 21, 1963
Registered in Australia for transmission by post as a newspaper.

The Australian

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Over 800,000 Copies Sold Every Week

PRICE 1/-

IF THEY ASK . . . "How come a nice girl like you isn't married?"

. . . SEE PAGE 7

MAKE A MOCHA ROLL

COMPLETE GUIDE TO FASHIONS FROM THE SHOPS

Evening wrap to make

INSTRUCTIONS PAGE 12

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HP1/05 WWHPM

The Australian
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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Brisbane: 81 Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 409F, G.P.O.
Adelaide: 24-26 Halifax St., Adelaide. Letters: Box 388A, G.P.O.
Perth: C/o Newspaper House, 125 St. George's Terrace, Perth. Letters: Box 491G, G.P.O.
Tasmania: Letters to Sydney address.

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Australian-born Sumner Locke Elliott (he is now an American) — see story on page eight about his first novel, which we will serialise from next week — will be remembered in Australia for his controversial play, "Rusty Bugles."

DORIS FITTON produced it at the Sydney Independent Theatre (of which she is the director) in the late '40s.

Because of its torrid language it was banned by the N.S.W. Chief Secretary's Department.

The ban lasted only a few nights—it was lifted after a loud public and Press protest.

Miss Fitton tells us that it was one of the most successful plays ever produced by the Independent Theatre.

It ran for three months and then the company took it on an 18 months' tour of Australia and New Zealand.

With the interest now in Locke Elliott's novel, Miss Fitton says she hopes to produce the play again.

"I consider it the best Australian play ever written," she says.

"Its author joined the Independent when he was only 14 and was with it for ten years, acting and writing. I always remember him as modest and brilliant."

"Rusty Bugles" is about a group of soldiers on duty at an ammunition dump in north Australia during World War II and was a study of their frustration at not being, they thought, "on active duty."

Locke Elliott was with a similar unit during the war.

Our Cover

● Lace evening wrap made by sewing rows of lace edging on to a tulle base. Easy-to-follow instructions to make the wrap are on page 12.

REQUEST RECIPES

● You want to make a special dish—and then find that nobody knows the recipe!

"You in Your Kitchen," in the Sunday Telegraph, offers a special "request" service to readers—a service which tries to ferret out the original recipe.

Where the original recipe can't be found, the Sunday Telegraph cookery staff will prepare the nearest possible substitute recipe.

THIS WEEK'S WINNERS

3rd MARVILLE NATIONAL BAKING QUEST

NATIONAL WEEKLY WINNER

Mrs. W. Montgomery, TORQUAY, VIC., wins a Philips Transistor Radio. For her recipe, see page No. 45.

120 OTHER WEEKLY WINNERS

Each wins a set of 6 multi-colour Agee Pyrex ramekins.

N.S.W.: Mesdames: P. Baker, Five Dk; Markovina, Lurnea; J. Fraser, Neut Bay; Smith, St. Marys; F. Konig, Lawson; Smith, Kingsgrove; J. Williams, Lambs; Westlake, Pearl Beach; R. Powell, Pyle; H. Gibson, Narromine; D. Butler, Ka; Kurri; L. Pipan, Warners Bay; M. Mey; Cabramtta; Z. Carr, Moss Vale; F. Richar; Bondi; D. Crawford, Sns Sci; G. Fowl; Wagga; R. Manning, Cryde; S. Ra; Nrbeen; J. Pryor, Pnnia; E. Stevens; Gunnedah; D. Hodge, Crws Nst; E. Bagst; Tenterfield; C. Solomon, Cootl; E. Ewa; Cook's Hill; A. King, Terrigal; Rutherford, Cheeseman's Creek; Chaffey, Somerton; M. Locke, Hanwo; J. Langton, Eucumbene; C. Pedw; Wombarra Heights; J. Jetzebell; Narrabri; H. Langdon, Molong; N. Wils; Warsbah; I. Kennedy, New Lambton; Navin, W. Ryde; E. Scott, Lne Cve; M; E. Dixon-Flint, Kenmore; Miss J. Robi; Frfld; Miss M. Bridle, Horsley Park.

VIC.: Mesdames: E. Hankin, Cam; Aumann, Chewton; P. Henderson, Nor; cote; V. O'Brien, Eaglehawk; G. B; Kew E; N. Porter, Kew; E. Coane; Clay; P. Watt, N. Hale; D. Tan; Korumburra; L. Crawford, Bearta; Andrich, Elwd; K. Jayagopal, Kew; Nelms, Beetigh; F. Dietrich, Traral; V. Fuller, Murrumbeena; M. Tresidder, Chelt; A. Fisher, Yarram; H. McKin; Daylesford; J. Wright, Shepparton E.; McQueen, Bikbo; B. Duncan, Bale; Parker, Shepparton; A. Tangey, Stw; J. Hill, S. Caul; R. Nicholas, Seb; Saltinger, Cryle; Miss H. Gow, N. Be; Miss M. Schnabel, Mdst; Miss G. Boy; Melbourne; Miss E. Koenig, Horsham.

QLD.: Mesdames: R. Bainbridge, Em; P. Wilson, Mt. Garnet; J. Lewis, Edge; D. Abell, Coorparoo; O. Mariak, Ca; M. Christianson, Gladstone; E. Nell; Wavell Hts; M. Johnston, Cherm; Hutchinson, Toowoomba; M. Mand; Oakey; L. Scheeres Holman, Sarina; Paxton, Charleville; M. Seale, Kingar; M. Castner, Wynnum; E. Willis, Padd; Summersgill, St. Lucia; R. McGr; Townsville; A. Manion, Bdc; M. Meikle; Mackay; J. Hobson, Coorparoo; J. Bert; Glenella; T. Smith, Kedron; A. Hach; Gympie; Miss K. Clarke, Camp H; S. Gould, Charters Towers.

S.A.: Mesdames: D. Lade, Blk Fst; Stearne, Pkhlme; V. Starick, Mur Bri; J. Wegener, Pt. Lincoln; T. Herrm; Mt. Torrens; G. Raedel, Burn; R. Zeal; Mdby; G. Steventon, Kilk; B. Kempt; Hawth; A. Lee, Clare; H. MacDon; Somnta; V. Hammond, Whyalla; E. Scan; Vale Pk; E. Nicholson, Port Adelaide; M; P. Fyfe, Lower Mitcham.

TAS.: Mesdames: K. Pinkster, King; M; McInnes, Lower Barrington; P. Hickm; West Tamar; W. Milne, Campbelltown; E; Groom, Burnie; H. Howell, S Bay; E; McLaren, Roseberry; K. Thomas, Launc; ton; R. McClenaghan, Launceston; M; J. Walker, Moonah.

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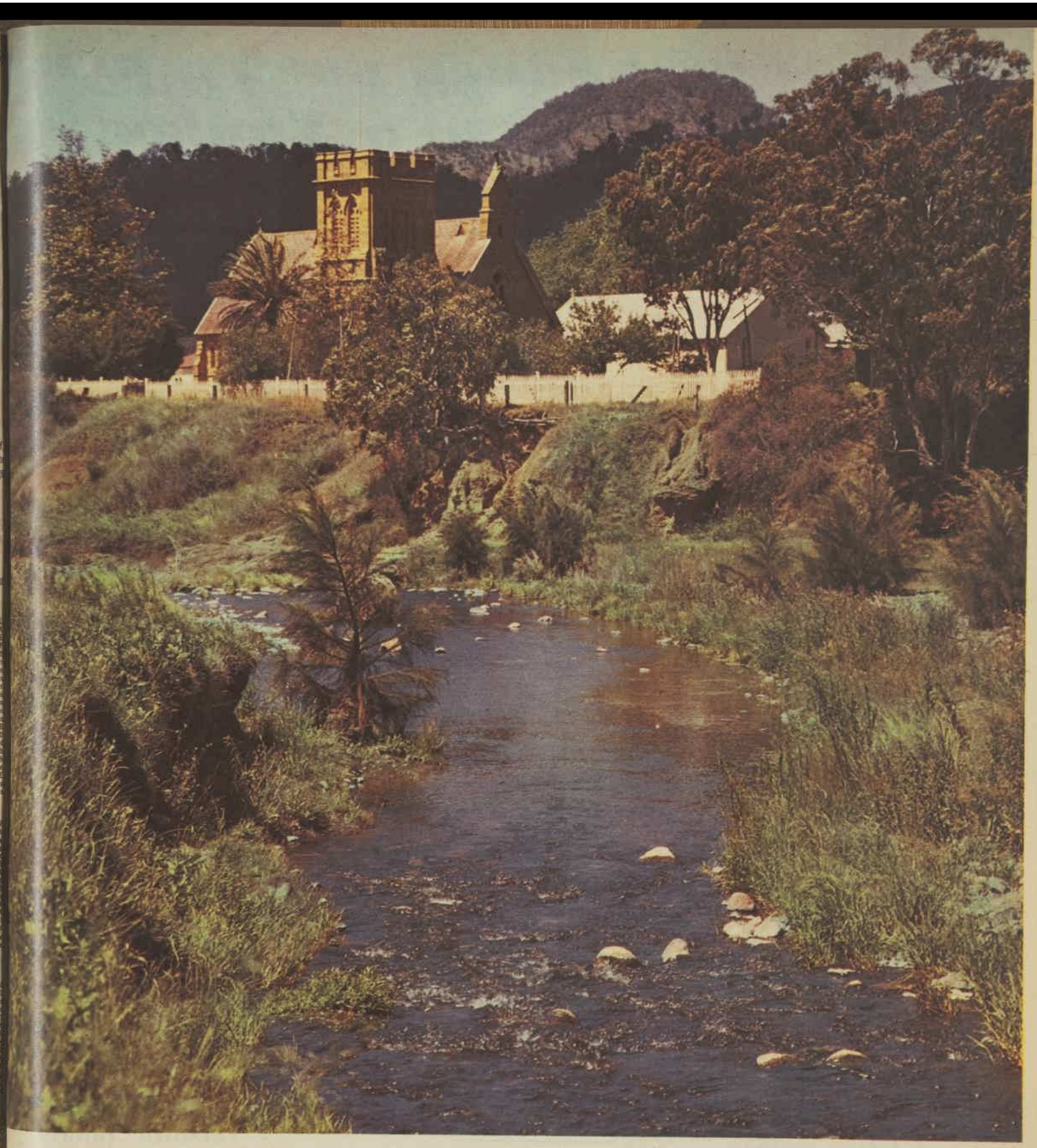

BEAUTIFUL AUSTRALIA

ST. PAUL'S, MURRURUNDI, N.S.W.

● St. Paul's Church of England, Murrurundi, in the valley of the Pages River, N.S.W., began as a little timber building in 1855, 15 years after the town had been laid out. The first church had no bell, no musical instrument, and no seating accommodation. The windows had no glass and were covered with calico. The present church was begun in 1873, with walls of local freestone, and beneath the altar were buried the remains of the second rector, the Rev. W. D. R. Lewis, who had raised much of the money for building the church, but died soon after the foundation stone had been laid. The church was consecrated in 1877 by the then Bishop of Sydney, the Rt. Rev. F. Barker. The tower was added later, in 1913.

Picture by Bruce Pinkard, South Yarra, Vic.

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Sydney poetry prize goes to a Yankee

—and a woman at that

PUBLIC LIBRARY OF NEW SOUTH WALES
14 AUG 1963

● A 100-guinea prize for a poem of "Australian environment," in a competition designed to promote Australian poets, has been won by — an American woman.

By SHEILA SIBLÉY

MRS. FRANCES MINTURN HOWARD, of Boston, Massachusetts, won Farmer's Poetry Prize (a feature of Sydney's North Side Arts Festival) from more than 1000 entrants, many of them established Australian poets.

Results of the competition are announced in the August 15 issue of "The Poetry Magazine," which is published by the Poetry Society of Australia.

Dr. Grace Perry (whose own poetry is largely inspired by her work, "Carcinoma" and "Ovarian" being typical titles of her poems) edits "The Poetry Magazine," and she had been hoping that the prizes would be won by young poets who could project "a more masculine image than the Poetry Society now enjoys."

To Dr. Perry's despair, women won all the important prizes. "People will get a picture of an old ladies' sewing circle," she said.

The second prize, of 50gns., was awarded to South Australian Nancy Cato for her poem "The Vineyard," and a third prize, of 25gns., was won by Patricia Daniel, of Warrimoo, N.S.W.

Judges of the competition were Professor A. D. Hope, of the National University, and Roland Robinson, president of the Poetry Society.

"It is disappointing," they reported after judging, "that so few poets of standing apparently thought it worth while to submit an entry."

The fact is that, hiding under pen-names as requested, there were Australian poets of standing.

Frances Minturn Howard's charming poem is called "Koalrutia," which could lead to further disappointment because to her mind "Koalrutia" is the botanical name of the Australian Golden Rain Tree.

In actual fact there is no such thing.

Mrs. Howard is reported by our New York office as saying, "I love my Golden Rain Tree, a gift from a friend, which inspired the poem."

From her description, her "Koalrutia" is probably Cassia fistula, known familiarly as the Indian Laburnum or the Golden Shower Tree. It is not a native of Australia, though it grows freely in the north.

There is a *Koelreuteria* formosana that is known as the Golden Rain Tree, but this Chinese shade tree is not of Australian origin, either.

It is not difficult to spot Mrs. Howard as an American from her verse. It is obvious she is not an Australian writing on her own land. She begins:

The Golden Rain Tree,
that's the name they call it—
and that's the way it falls.
Not grey like ours . . .

And again:

Australia was a word, when
I was little,
my lips poured slowly, as
you pour out treasure.
It was, they said, the other
side of the world;
it was DOWN UNDER.

And finally:

In Australia
animals leap from sheer
exuberance,
feeling the sky itself not far
to touch—
and, too, they have the
Koalrutia.
I look up through my Koal-
rutia's branches—
that tree that's called: Aus-
tralian Golden Rain Tree
—
even the rain is golden in
Australia.

Of "Koalrutia" the judges wrote: "This poem fulfilled to a great degree the nature and quality of poetry which the judges hoped to find in the competition.

"Wonder"

"It is an image of Australia that is in no way conventional but charged with imaginative wonder and delight and with a freshness of vision. There are mystery, warmth, color, and the essential quality of poetry."

As reported from our New York office, Frances Minturn Howard is a staunch New England Yankee with a strong affinity for Australia, although she has never been here.

Her interest in Australia was kindled when she lived in California before her marriage.

Tall surfers

"I used to go to the beach at Santa Monica and marvel at the surfing skill of a group of Australians there," she recalled. "They were all so tall and looked like bronze gods."

She describes her background thus: "I am a New Englander by descent although I happened to be born in New York. My grandmother, Julia Ward Howe, of Boston, wrote 'The Battle Hymn of the Republic.'

"As a child I decided that whatever else I might become I would not be a writer. There were too many writers already in my family."

● *Mrs. Frances Minturn Howard*

NEXT WEEK:

New game for children on holidays

Your children can race the American and Russian experts to the moon — when they play Moon Flight, a new game specially devised for holiday fun.

The game — to pull-out, paste-up, and keep — is based on scientific predictions for an actual moon flight. There are full how-to-play instructions.

● Versatile potato chips

Take potatoes, slice them into paper-thin circles, deep fry them to golden crispness (or simply buy a packet of potato chips) — and use them as our special recipes suggest for puddings as well as savory dishes.

● Quiz about your job

Are you in the right job — and likely to do well in it? Housewife or mother? Work in an office or factory? Think you're a budding tycoon? Or have you no settled occupation? No matter . . . Just ask yourself ten questions and see how you rate in your own estimation. You may be surprised at the result.

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SOUTHWARD HO!

THE COBB AND CO. COACH from North Queensland is now moving down through central New South Wales, travelling a steady 10 miles an hour, 40 miles a day.

By MILDRED EDEN, in Brisbane

● First a distant cloud of dust, then a rumble of wheels and a thud and clatter of hoofs — it's a Cobb and Co. coach swinging through the outback just as it did more than a century ago.

HALF-WAY TO MELBOURNE, the coach is greeted outside Charleville, Qld., by members of the Warrego Pony Club. A civic welcome and barbecue were held in the showground.

ARGE crowds gather in the towns and cial dances and parties organised, for this is the ch that set out from Port uglas, in Queensland's far th, on June 22 on a 3000-le journey to Melbourne, ing money along the way the Royal Flying Doctor vice.

It's now moving down ough inland New South les.

The first Cobb and Co. ch took the road in 1853.

On this anniversary rney one of the heartiest comes was given at the lway point, Charleville, ensland, when the coach m the north arrived dead time on August 1.

In the heyday of Cobb and Charleville was its main th-building centre in ensland (the Brisbane climate wasn't the best for seasoning the wood).

This very coach was built in the town 65 years ago.

With good weather and barring mishaps, it will arrive in Melbourne on September 20.

The five teams of five matched horses have sped over the miles in true Cobb and Co. form, having been specially trained for the trip, and are none the worse for having covered 500 miles of hard bitumen roads, which weren't a problem in the old days.

Five drivers

In contrast to the old style of travel, three eight-ton motor-floats follow the coach to rest the spare teams in between their turns in harness.

For the privilege of a seat in the coach and camping under the stars along the way, passengers are paying £5 a trip — or a pound a mile — but it's back to modern times for them also when they alight and have to find their way home again by the faster but less romantic motor-car.

The convoy has storage space for 500 gallons of water and feed for the teams, and 40 gallons of water plus food for the drivers.

Five permanent drivers are travelling with the coach, including Tom Lawton (who guided it into Charleville) and a father-and-son team, Doug Rynne, sen., and Doug, jun.

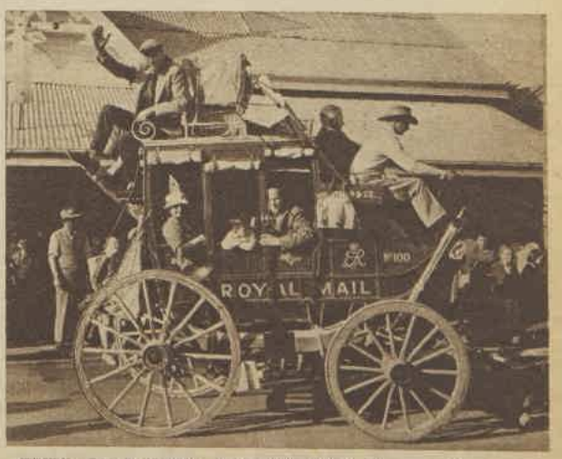
A special guest on the trip is Ernie Richards, of Mitchell, Queensland; he was one of the original Cobb and Co. drivers.

Six other experts of the five-in-hand, who sat in the drivers' seats on the original coaches, have joined in for parts of the journey.

Letters, too

As well as passengers, the coach set out with 17,000 letter covers bearing 1955 Cobb and Co. postage stamps, and people along the route are buying them for souvenirs at £1 per letter.

All the proceeds from fares and stamp sales go toward the Royal Flying Doctor Service. Behind the scenes, organising the journey and paying the expenses, is the present-day firm of Cobb and Co. in Toowoomba, a motorised firm which bought the old name in 1948.



FULL OF PAYING PASSENGERS, the coach pulls into Charleville, arriving at the coach-house where it was built sixty-five years ago.

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"For an instant mirror sheen to the furniture you clean wax & polish as you dust with Mr. Sheen"

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Join the happy throng of Australian housewives who have fallen in love with Mr. Sheen. They love Mr. Sheen because he's the quickest, handiest helper they've ever had in the house.

Mr. Sheen makes cleaning, waxing and polishing just as easy as dusting. Simply spray on Mr. Sheen and then wipe over for a mirror shine.

Everyone knows how wonderful Mr. Sheen is with furniture, but you should see him with venetian blinds, refrigerators, washing machines and almost everything you clean. Mr. Sheen gets them gleaming as they've never gleamed before.

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How come a nice girl like you isn't MARRIED yet?

● **Just how often does the single girl hear it? "Miss Jones, how does it happen that a nice girl like you isn't married yet?"**

AND assuming people really expect an answer to such an asinine question, how should Miss Jones reply?

The corny retort, in which there may be more than a kernel of truth, "I've never been asked"?

Or should she look her inquisitor squarely in the eye and counter with, "Frankly, you moron, the men I've wanted to marry didn't want me. And the ones who wanted me, I didn't want"?

In the first place, not every woman between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-five is aching to have her circulation cut off by a wedding band. Some *prefer* single bliss.

But let's talk about the majority of women.

Almost every woman who has seen thirty summers, give or take a few, would like to be married.

Your last honest-to-goodness date was in 1959.

And the more you eat the fatter you grow, and the fatter you grow the more you sit, and the more you sit the more you eat.

Result: the loneliest girl in town.

So come clean. The cleaner hasn't been really shrinking those clothes of yours, now has he?

2. Too little of you? Build yourself up.

Here's a letter that can be multiplied by a hundred every week:

"Dear Abby: Everywhere you look you can see something new for people who want to lose weight. How about us girls who would like to gain some?

"I'm 28 years old and am built like a 12-year-old boy.

"I don't think it's honest for a girl to pad up with falsies, but I'd like to put on some curves."

—"A Carpenter's Dream," or "Flat as a Board."

Face it, girls. The doctor

"Dear Abby: What's wrong with me? [She enclosed her picture and was surprisingly pretty.] I have had dates with many eligible men.

"While we are together, we both seem to have a wonderful time. He says good-night and promises to call me soon.

"But after a week I begin to wonder if my telephone is out of order."

It's not your telephone. You just haven't clicked, somehow.

It could be his personality. But it could be *yours*.

What to do?

If your best friends won't tell you if and where your appeal is sagging, consult an enemy.

P.S. Don't ask your mother.

Awareness of what you do right and wrong with men isn't too hard to master.

You can learn a lot by watching other people mutual friend, but unfortunately this doesn't happen very often.

The self-introduction? For some reason, the technique of brazenly initiating conversations with strangers is gaining acceptance.

But not in my book! A pick-up is a pick-up.

Any man who will pick up a girl in a bar or on a street corner—or permit himself to be picked up—is no bargain.

I'm not talking about the bachelor whose familiar face you see every day in your office cafeteria, but about the stranger who suddenly appears beside you when you're window-shopping to inform you that it's a nice day.

Or the audacious character who attracts your attention by pulling his car alongside yours as you both wait for the light.

The temptation to reciprocate in the spirit of adventure may overtake you for one mad moment.

Seven things to do fast . . .

This is no hasty generalisation.

I have received over a hundred thousand letters like this one:

"Dear Abby: I am 29 years old and unmarried. I've been told that I am attractive, but it doesn't seem to get me anywhere.

"How does a nice girl go about finding a nice man? I'm not the type to go to bars alone.

"I have a good job and am reasonably happy, but I don't want to remain single for ever.

"My chances grow slimmer every year. Please give me some ideas."

—"Still a Miss."

As a matter of fact, I can think of seven steps with which an unmarried girl can up her chances at least sevenfold.

Here they are:

1. Is there too much of you? Edit yourself down.

One long, hard look in a full-length mirror will reveal the truth.

If you have a weight problem, you'll have a *wait* problem.

Unless you are suffering from a glandular disorder, there's no excuse to convex where you should concave.

Yes, I know, you're treating yourself to all sorts of goodies to compensate for dates you don't have. You sit at home, watch TV, and snack.

You've already eaten yourself out of an SSW and into a roomy W.

can help only some of you with a weight-gaining diet.

And let's get something else straight: There is nothing dishonest about padding. A girl has every right to look as good in clothes as she can.

So, off to an expert corsetiere, and let her show you how to be beautiful or bust.

This ought to encourage you: It's a not-too-well-guarded secret that three Hollywood stars, most famed for their fabulous figures, floated right up to stardom on foam rubber.

3. Have you grown accustomed to your face?

What's sitting above your shoulders is yours for good, but, nevertheless, a crafty redecoration job can enhance your face value.

Is your make-up really right for you?

Do you know how to apply it?

What about your hair?

Scissors, modern color, and even a wig can give you —and your audience—a whole new point of view.

One of the best investments you can make is a visit to a professional beauty expert.

Or select a woman who seems to know the art of beauty and make-up and boldly ask her to teach you.

Most women would be complimented by such a request, and it might pay off.

4. How's your personality?

There's another Single-Girl - in - Search - of - a - Man - type letter:

closely—even your married friends.

Are they too bossy or too mousy? Too aggressive or too possessive? Too noisy or too demanding?

The next question: Are you, too?

If a man is a talker, he wants a gentle listener.

If he's on the quiet side, he'll probably appreciate a girl who can and will talk on a variety of subjects.

Some women, though, don't know the difference between a lively conversation and an argument.

Avoid controversial subjects: religion, politics. Some women win arguments and lose men.

Remember, a man seldom

But stifle it! Your chances of striking up an acquaintance with a handsome Romeo, married and temporarily out of work, are excellent.

Your chances of meeting an eligible executive are zero.

But let's think positively. Where *are* the fish running?

Is the place where you work out in the sticks and full of women—with just a few married salesmen who drop in occasionally?

Get out of there. Find another job.

What, you say, after building up seniority for 11 years?

All right, stick around another 14 years, and they'll

She goes overboard buying a posh wardrobe and expects instant romance, but too often she sits around at cocktail hour feeling unloved, unwanted, or unworthy.

Or her resistance softens until she's ripe to be picked off by the unconscionable Casanova (single or married) who scouts resorts foraging for lonely women.

But if you insist on making your holiday a "hunting trip," be smart. Pick places where men might be, for the fishing or something.

And *don't* go with a gang of girls. No man in his right mind will walk to a table of girls to single you out for a dance unless he's fortified with alcohol or is doing it on a dare.

6. Live alone and lure 'em.

Where are you living? And why there? If you are living with Granny to keep the wolf from the door, you're in a tough spot.

But if you're living at home with mother because she does your laundry and it's convenient—move!

The 30-year-old chick who has not yet flown the coop is frequently a gone goose.

An unmarried woman in her own flat is usually more attractive to a man with marriage in mind.

And not for the reasons you think.

Besides, women who live alone present an image of

least one other activity. Get out and about! Volunteer your services somewhere.

It can be your church, your hospital, etc., or latch on to a political campaign —lots of the right parties can be found working for the candidate of their choice.

If you can type, or only read, Service organisations need you.

And you need them. You will be amazed at how many worthwhile people you meet.

If you're not the type for volunteer work, how about a hobby?

And if you are just learning to bowl, golf, play tennis, or swim, there's nothing men like to do more than show you what you're doing wrong.

How about bridge lessons? (You *have* to be one of a table of four, and some day you may hit on a marvellous partner.)

Adult education, drama groups, or writing classes? Learning a foreign language? Painting?

Open your eyes and look at the women who have captured the prize men.

Are they all 36-24-36? Are they raving beauties? Are they particularly brilliant?

No. They are just women like you who have managed to make one man feel that life would be empty without them.

So make your opportunities. And when opportunity comes knocking at your front door, don't be in

. . . if you're 25 and still single

invites a woman out because he wants to entertain her.

He wants *her* to entertain *him*. Girls who have nothing to say because they never read books or newspapers or magazines, or never go to the movies, never get asked out again, either.

If you want a second date, get acquainted with the sports section of your newspaper. A man feels more at home with a girl who knows who won Saturday's football.

5. Fish where the fish are!

How can a "nice" woman meet a "nice" man? The ideal way is through a

present you with a watch.

But you won't need it. You'd be better off with an electric blanket for your old age.

Look for a job where you'll see a lot of new faces.

And be nice to the girls, too. You never know who has a brother.

Don't dawdle about this. The only difference between a rut and a grave is the dimensions.

How about holidays? I don't want to burst your bubble, but a marriageable woman rarely finds a husband at a resort spot.

an independent, mature, not-so-helpless female. A good wife-type.

Furthermore, when a woman invites a man to her flat for a home-cooked meal, he knows she cooked it herself.

Don't laugh. Most men like women who can cook.

And while it's true that a man rarely proposes to a girl because he adores her beef stroganoff, a woman in an apron puts a man in a domestic frame of mind.

7. Sow rows and rows of opportunities.

Change your routine! If you've made a habit of going directly home after work, interest yourself in at

the backyard looking for four-leaf clovers.

The other girls — your competition — are all out taking *their* steps, knitting *their* nets.

How come a nice girl like you isn't married yet? You haven't really even *started* working on it!

By Abigail van Buren

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4976235

OUR NEW SERIAL BEGINNING NEXT WEEK:

"CAREFUL, HE MIGHT HEAR YOU"

First novel by Australian-born Sumner Locke Elliott

SUMNER LOCKE ELLIOTT with a portrait of his mother done by Lady Wilkins, widow of Sir Hubert Wilkins. Her maiden name was Sumner Locke. She died when her son Sumner was born.

This book may make him a millionaire

● Although "Careful, He Might Hear You" is partly autobiographical, its Australian-born author hopes people will read it purely as fiction.

SUMNER LOCKE ELLIOTT, now a successful 45-year-old New York writer, was as a child the subject of a custody case in Australia in the 1920's.

But his own past furnished only the bare bones of a touching and artfully woven story, set in Sydney in the late 'twenties and early 'thirties, about a confused little boy raised by a gaggle of aunts.

"While the locale of the novel is Sydney," the author told me, "that's purely incidental. The setting could just as well be Kansas or France."

The universal appeal of "Careful, He Might Hear You" has transformed Locke Elliott's manuscript, hesitantly begun two years ago, into a pre-publication best-seller.

Its American debut has been delayed until October in deference to the Reader's Digest Condensed Book Club, which will distribute it to 2,500,000 members next January.

In addition, film rights were recently bought by Joshua Logan, who expects to begin filming in Australia next year.

For the rights, the author received 50,000 dollars in cash, plus 10 per cent. of the future gross box-office receipts.

Mr. Locke Elliott could possibly become a millionaire from his book.

"I didn't write it for monetary reasons," Locke Elliott insisted when I visited him in his small apartment on one of Manhattan's rare tree-lined streets, in the elegant East Sixties.

"I hadn't exactly been starving when I began it, although it's true the TV market here has gone to pot.

"Even if it hadn't, during 12 years I had writtten 200 television plays.

"I mean, how many more could I have done?"

Locke Elliott arrived in the U.S. 15 years ago, propelled in part by the "Rusty Bugles" blow-up in Australia. He had written this play as an earthy expose of barracks life.

It was banned by the Chief Secretary, but the ban was lifted when the language of the play was toned down.

Any bitterness over "Rusty Bugles" had long since subsided, however, when Locke Elliott returned to Australia in 1950 for "a long and lovely fling" on the play's royalties. "I couldn't get the money in dollars then," he said.

The disturbance in Sumner's childhood ended in fact when he was 12.

In the novel the author has telescoped the drama into the space of a year — the sixth year of the fictional boy, named "P.S." (for "post-script") by his literary mother, Sinden Marriott, before she died in childbirth.

"Actually, after my custody case was settled I had a peachy youth in Australia," Locke Elliott admitted.

"Had a wonderful time. Went on the stage. Lost any family bitterness.

"Yet it left a few marks, I know. I was overloved and overprotected.

"But I haven't been driven to the psychoanalyst."

The only aunt of his who is still alive is Aunt Blanche — Mrs. Blanche Dunn, of Sydney. Locke Elliott won't say which of his fictional aunts she corresponds to.

The villain of the book is Aunt Vanessa, rich and implacable, who, as the story opens, arrives from England announcing that she'll take over P.S.

His lively, irresponsible mother is dead, his lively, irresponsible father is off in the bush digging for gold, and P.S. lives in great content with his Aunt Lila and her husband, George, in a warm, easy-going, modest home.

There are two other aunts in the picture, each endearingly eccentric.

Locke Elliott used real place names in the novel, but would like readers not to look for factual parallels.

The book's Vanessa never existed, except in the author's imagination as an archetypal snob Englishwoman.

Story and picture from ROBERT FELDMAN in New York.

The character of Sinden, P.S.'s dead mother, who appears only in flashbacks, is fictional, too. (In addition to having written a successful novel, Locke Elliott has her writing short stories for The Australian Women's Weekly.)

Locke Elliott's real-life mother had the maiden name of Sumner Locke, and she was a pioneer woman writer in Sydney before World War I.

Her most successful work was a novel, "Samaritan Mary."

The author's memory for Australian place names, streets, and idiom is impressive, considering that he has been a New Yorker for 15 years (and a U.S. citizen since 1955).

His dialogue is as authentic and unselfconscious as Nino Culotta's.

His insight into a child's mind will doubtless be compared by critics with that of Harper Lee, author of "To Kill A Mockingbird."

Locke Elliott expects that the role of P.S.'s father will have to be expanded for the movie, but essentially it will retain the sensitivity of the book—"a woman's movie," as the novel is "a woman's story," in a broad sense.

The sale of movie rights was accomplished through an intermediary, Mrs. Dorothy Hammerstein, the Australian-born widow of Oscar Hammerstein II.

An advance copy of "Careful, He Might Hear You" was sent to Mrs. Hammerstein in New York as a courtesy. She read it and posted it on to Joshua Logan, an old friend, who read it and made his offer immediately.

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"Glamor" swimming for Olympics?

● *"Glamor-girl" swimmers, who would finish a certain last in any race against the record-breakers, might soon be carrying off honors at the Olympic Games.*

THESE girls, who'll base their chances not on speed but on grace and skill, will be competitors at the Games as soon as synchronised swimming is recognised as an Olympic sport.

This won't be in time for Tokyo next year, but the sport is growing at such a pace in so many countries that enthusiasts are sure it will be on the Olympic programme before long.

Synchronised swimming was introduced in Australia last summer for the first time on a competitive basis, and in April the first synchronised swimming competition was held at Narraweena.

"This competition will now be held annually," said Mrs. Grace Vaughan, publicity officer for the N.S.W. Women's Amateur Swimming Association.

Mrs. Vaughan said it was hoped the sport would attract girls who felt racing was too tough for them.

"Many girls won't join swimming clubs because they're frightened that they'll lose some of their glamor during long hours of training in the water," she explained.

"Synchronised swimming, on the other hand, can only help add to their glamor by increasing their grace.

"Also their hair doesn't suffer the way the racing swimmer's does, because bathing-caps can be worn all the time.

"And because they don't need to train for hours day in and day out, they can lead a much more normal social life.

"This is why we've been able to attract older girls as well as teenagers. Many of our members are, in fact, in their late twenties.

"They include housewives, mothers, university students, secretaries, schoolgirls . . . just about every walk of life.

"One of our main aims, incidentally, is to retain former racing champions in our clubs by winning them over to synchronised swimming when they've retired from breaking records.

"If we can keep their interest alive we feel we have more hope of getting them to help the sport later as teachers or officials."

Annette Kellerman organised the first exhibition of synchronised swimming with a team which toured Australia in the 1930's.

"But this was not synchronised swimming as we know it today," said Mrs. Vaughan. "It was really water ballet, full of sea-nymphs, etc."

The first real breakthrough with synchronised swimming in Australia came four years ago, when Mrs. Nada Marsden formed a team in Melbourne.

Her team was asked to give displays at the 1961 Australian Swimming Championships in Brisbane and at last year's Perth Commonwealth Games.

Mrs. Marsden's team does no competitive work, but its success inspired the introduction of synchronised swimming in N.S.W. last summer.

By
CYNTHIA ROBINSON

Making the sport competitive should ensure that Australia will not be trailing the world if and when synchronised swimming goes Olympic.

Also, according to Mrs. Vaughan, the synchronised swimming committee felt that without competition there was no incentive for girls to train.

"And once you know which girls have proved themselves to be the best, there's never any feeling that someone's in the team purely because she's so-and-so's daughter," she said.

Mrs. Vaughan added that synchronised swimming looked easy, but required tremendous skill.

Competitors score in similar fashion to divers, with points of difficulty awarded for different movements of skill.

Fifteen-year-old Bill Ebsary, the Australian medley champion, like many other swimmers, thought this "water ballet" was a bit of a joke until he watched the competition at Narraweena.

"Now I can see that this sport's even more complex than diving," he said.

THE GRACE of synchronised swimming is shown here by a group of girls from Sydney's Northern Suburbs club. They're sculling, which is one of the basic synchronised movements.

"BALLET-LEG" GROUP. It looks easy but requires great skill and control. For displays the girls are allowed fancy costumes, but in competition must wear racing suits. Pictures are by Barry Cullen.

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SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

SCENE-STEALERS at the marriage of lovely Carolyn Luciano and Michael Aboud at St. Mary Magdalene's Church, Rose Bay, on September 19 will be tiny flowergirls Deborah Luciano, Tracey Ann Davies, and Gail Aboud.

The trio—excited over their "big assignment"—will look a picture in long dresses of white silk shantung with their hair swept up into chignons caught with sprays of spring blossom.

Carolyn's senior attendants, Judith Cullen and Michele O'Hehir, will wear full-length gowns of French ribbon lace and filmy aquamarine chiffon.

Barry Aboud and Michael White will attend Michael, who is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Aboud, of Vaucluse.

The reception will be held at the Australia Hotel, and Carolyn's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Luciano, of Vaucluse, will welcome the 350 guests.

The young couple will honeymoon in Fiji before returning to their new home at Bellevue Hill, which has views of the Rose Bay golf links and the Harbor.

★ ★ ★

SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD Claire Marshall is spending the English school summer vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Marshall, of Bellevue Hill. Mr. Marshall is the principal British Trade Commissioner in Sydney, and he and his wife haven't seen their daughter since January. They are busily showing Claire and her travelling companion, Wendy Jones, of Cheam, Surrey, around Sydney, and are planning several trips to the country during the girls' six-week stay. Claire, who is a prefect at Westonbirt School, in Gloucestershire, will rejoin her parents later next year after completing her final-year's schooling.

★ ★ ★

I LIKE the elegant full-length coat of nigger-brown calf skin that Mrs. Igor Oistrakh wore when she arrived at Mascot airport from Russia. Her violinist husband bought it for her on their last trip to Paris. Incidentally, Mrs. Oistrakh, who is a pianist, is her husband's permanent accompanist. She plays under her maiden name, Natalia Zertsalova.

★ ★ ★

VIVIAN OLIPHANT, daughter of Sir Mark and Lady Oliphant, of Canberra, will be leaving shortly for Melbourne for a week's holiday. During her stay she'll be bridesmaid at the wedding of Barbara Bult and Ralph Ward-Ambler at Melbourne Grammar School's Chapel of St. Peter on August 23.

★ ★ ★

SUCH a nice "thank you" gesture was made by the Parents and Friends' Committee of Trinity Grammar School to Mrs. John Cambridge when they held a lunch and fashion parade at her Strathfield home. After the parade they presented her with a posy of pink orchids and daphne made by fellow committee member Mrs. Vern Walkington.

MR. AND MRS. MAX STURZEN, of Point Piper, are looking forward to seeing former Sydneysiders Mr. and Mrs. Michael Jones when they pass through Switzerland during their forthcoming trip overseas. The Jones', who live in Geneva, have taken a chalet at Lausanne for the summer, and the Sturzens will spend a few days with them after a trip to Basle where they will visit Mr. Sturzen's sister, Mrs. Frederick Back. Before she sets off in September, Mrs. Sturzen will be farewelled at a lunch party which Mrs. John Austin will give at her Manly home on August 28.

★ ★ ★

A QUIET reception at the home of Mrs. F. A. Price, of Randwick, will follow the wedding of her daughter Norma to Philip Pryce, of Elizabeth Bay, at St. Jude's Church, Randwick, on August 16. Mrs. Keith Bracken, of Roseville, will be matron of honor, and Graham Sturt, of Coogee, will be best man.

★ ★ ★

NEWS from abroad — Diana Hipsley, of Killara, who is expected home in November, is touring England and Scotland with Wendy Hyles, of Bungendore, and Rosemary O'Brien, of Vaucluse. On her way home Diana will stay with recently married Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey White in Ottawa, Canada.

JUST WED. Mr. and Mrs. Clive Hall, who were married at St. James' Old Cathedral, Melbourne. The bride was Julia Stanford, of "Highfield," Berwick, Victoria, daughter of the late Commander and Mrs. A. C. Stanford, of England. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Hall, of Woollahra. Mr. and Mrs. Hall will make their home in England for twelve months.

LUNCH GUESTS Mrs. Frank Coyne (left) and Mrs. W. M. Leavey at the Spring Fashion Parade and Luncheon which the women's committee of St. Aloysius' College gave at the Australia Hotel. The committee president, Mrs. Ron Hawke, of Lindfield, welcomed more than two hundred guests to the function, which will aid the College Building Fund.

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ABOVE: Commander and Mrs. Laurence Merson (couple on the left) admired the Lebanese costumes worn by (from left) Miss Anne Gaha, Mr. Paul Dahdah, and Miss Lillian Kassab. The president of the U.N. Association, Mr. O. D. A. Oberg, and Mrs. Oberg welcomed the guests.

ABOVE: Beautiful Yugoslavian costumes were worn to the ball by Mr. Mile Pekovic and Miss Teena Lang.

INTERNATIONAL BALL

A spectacular pageant of nations representing twenty-three countries was the highlight of the colorful International Ball at the Trocadero. The young couples taking part in the pageant wore lovely national costumes and formed a guard of honor to welcome the Governor, Sir Eric Woodward, and Lady Woodward. More than one thousand guests attended the ball, which was organised by the New South Wales Division of the United Nations Association of Australia.

AT RIGHT: Thai students Mr. Triphong Kohengkul and Miss Nokuoi Vasuwalratana (on the left) with Mr. Masabumi Sato, son of the Consul-General for Japan, Mr. Nissi Sato, and Miss Kazuko Futamata at the ball.

HANDSOME, from left, Mr. Robert Camilleri and his sister Miss Lucy Camilleri with Miss Rosemary Piper and Mr. Mark Scanlon. The couples represented Malta and Austria in the pageant of nations. Streamers and balloons in the United Nations colors of blue and white decorated the ballroom, and international dolls decorated the tables.

THE Philippines were represented by Miss Margot Calvo and her brother Mr. Julio Calvo. They are the children of the Consul for the Philippines, Mr. Julio Calvo, and Mrs. Calvo, of Hunter's Hill, who also attended the function. Many other members of the Diplomatic and Consular Corps were at the ball.

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Lacy evening wrap — *instructions for making*

● *Here are how-to-make instructions for the frothy lace evening wrap pictured on our cover.*

By
DAWN JAMES

THE evening wrap is simply made by sewing rows of lace edging on to an oblong tulle base (see picture at right).

Materials required: 10¾yds. of 5in. white nylon lace edging, ½yd. 108in. white nylon tulle, 2½yds. 1in. white nylon satin ribbon. NOTE: Use nylon sewing thread and a fine machine needle.

Machine-sew the two 18in. nylon tulle edges together (an inch from the raw edges). Neaten the seam. Press (warm iron only, or the tulle will disintegrate).

Turn seam inside and to the centre, forming a double-tulle oblong 53in. x 18in.

Make a narrow hem on ONE 53in. edge of the tulle.

Cut the lace edging into:

● Four lengths measuring 2½yds. each (for the gathered flounces), and

● One length of 55in. for the top, ungathered edge of the stole.

Machine two lines of big gathering stitches along the top of each 2½yd. length of lace.

Pull the gathering threads till each length measures 55in. Arrange the gathers evenly.

Pin one length of the gathered lace — at the gathered edge — to the hemmed 53in. side of the tulle. Extend the lace 1in. at **each 18in. side** of the tulle.

Machine the lace flounce to the tulle. This forms the bottom edge of the stole.

The same way, attach the next layer of gathered lace 4in. above the first one. The second layer then overlaps the first by 1in., covering the gather-stitches.

Attach the third and fourth lace flounces to the tulle. Now, from the top gathered edge to the lowest scalloped edge of lace, the stole measures 17in.

The lace edging is sewn straight, not gathered, on the top 53in. edge of the stole.

Turn the 55in. length of lace edging "upside down"— so the scalloped edge points **upward**, in the opposite direction to the scallops on the four flounces.

Pin and then machine the lace to the tulle along the lace's straight edge. This edge should meet the gathered edge of the top flounce. Remember the extra 1in. extending from the 18in. sides.

At the top edge of the stole, machine the lace scallops to the tulle. Follow the curved line of the scallops.

Then carefully cut away any extra tulle, again following the scalloped lace pattern (so that the stole's tulle base is completely hidden).

Turn under — on to the wrong side of the stole — the extra 1in. of lace extending from the 18in. sides. Where the flounces overlap, treat the two layers of lace as one. Hem the lace, neatly by hand, to the tulle.

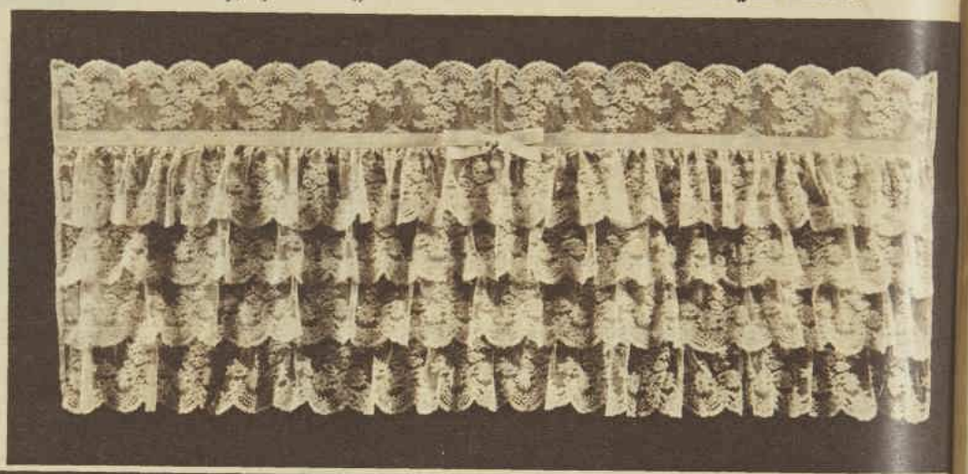
Cut off a 55in. length of ribbon. Sew it (by hand or machine) to cover the two top layers of lace.

With the remaining ribbon, tie a bow. Sew the bow to the centre of the ribbon band, attaching it both at the knot and at each of the bow-loops.

FOR SMALL GIRLS:

Small girls will find they need only three gathered flounces of lace. Reduce the quantity of lace edging required to 8¾yds.

***WRAP** worn mantilla-style. Being of nylon lace and tulle, it is lightweight and won't harm even a bouffant hairdo.*



***STRETCHED FLAT** (right), the wrap's four flounces and straight lace layer (top edge) show clearly. Centre is ribbon bow.*

"My holiday turned into a nightmare!"

My husband and I ran into June, an old friend, on holidays . . . and I heard her husband say, "Is Sally *your* age? Boy, you look a lot younger!" I felt dreadful.

Next day by the pool I could see what he meant! June was younger looking — she told me her secret! "Easy," she said, "Palmolive soap facials can help almost any girl be younger looking."

Be Younger Looking use mild and gentle new Palmolive Care

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SUNNY, two and a half stone of pussy-cat, in his personal pram. He is owned by Miss Olive Windram, of Collingwood, Vic.

PUSSY'S PURR-AMBULATOR

By FREDA IRVING

Sunny, a handsome tabby-marked half chinchilla, is a cat and a half. He weighs a mighty 2½ stone, measures 27 inches around the waist.

SUNNY'S proud owner is Miss Olive Windram, of Collingwood, Victoria, who gives his other vital statistics as neck 12 inches, nose-tip to tail-tip 32 inches.

Sunny scorns the traditional pussy fare of lots-of-milk-please. He insists on a regular half pound of meat daily to keep up his strength.

In spite of his size and weight he walks with elegance and style, and has typical feline grace of movement.

He isn't a lazy stay-at-home, either. He has been to Adelaide by car, spent a fortnight camping at Hall's Gap, Vic., and often travels to cat shows with Miss Windram.

He visits the local drive-in theatre lying at ease on a special rug on the back seat of the car.

His personal pram, in which Miss Windram takes him for an airing round Collingwood, is fitted with special cushions.

Miss Windram has had Sunny since he was six weeks old.

Now he's just five, and he celebrated his birthday by winning a First Prize, Championship Ribbon, and Trophy Spoon in the special-exhibit class at a recent Australian Cat Club Show in Melbourne.

Despite his championship class, Sunny is a friendly soul who likes to shake hands with visitors — provided he has the upper paw, as it were.

Also provided they don't do him out of his two favorite resting places—a big pouf which he regards as his personal property, and a rocking-chair in Miss Windram's sitting-room.

He enjoys the rocking-chair most when Miss Windram is sitting in it and he's sitting on her lap.

"I'll share it with *her*," he seems to say, "but no one else."

EXCLUSIVE. Sunny has come to regard this giant down-filled pouf as his own, and lets no one sit on it.

No more soreness when 'Savlon' is part of his bath routine

'Savlon' Antiseptic Cream is gentle and soothing to soft young skin — but it deals very firmly with germs. It's the surest way yet devised to stop nappie soreness turning into nappie rash. Your baby won't even get sore if you use 'Savlon' regularly. Make it an after-bath rule, and nappie soreness just won't develop. 'Savlon' smooths easily into the skin, does not clog the pores and makes nappies easier to wash. So 'Savlon' does more than help nature heal — it actually protects as well.

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NOTHING WASHES WOOLLENS AS WELL AS TRIX

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"Suzy"— a real poppet of a puppet

By WINIFRED MUNDAY

● A cute little puppet with the saucy looks of "Lucy" and a Shirley Temple voice may become as famous as Huckleberry Hound, Yogi Bear, Andy Pandy, and Twizzle.

HER name is "Suzy," and she is all-Australian.

"Suzy" has all kinds of exciting adventures in the world of real people and animals.

She goes to Hyde Park, in Sydney, and meets the pigeons and a balloon man who gives her a balloon.

She goes to Centennial Park and meets a German shepherd dog, "Rik-Lik," who will share her future adventures.

Mike Kopp will direct and produce "Suzy's" filmed adventures, and well-known writer of children's books Carol Odell will write the scripts.

I saw two pilot films which have aroused great interest overseas.

I've seen quite a few television puppet films, but I think "Suzy's" creators have something new and original.

Most puppeteers rely on backdrops and models, but "Suzy" lives in a world of real people. Her little mistress is a real child, the people she meets are real, and sometimes she is quite bewildered by the forest of grown-up legs through which she has to walk.

Pigeon-size

She is at home with cats and pigeons, who are nearer her size.

Carol Odell told me that in later adventures "Suzy" will travel to all kinds of Australian locations, through the bush, to Sydney beaches, and to the Royal Easter Show. All her adventures will be photographed on authentic locations.

Her constant companion, "Rik-Lik," is played by "Rajah," winner of canine obedience tests. He is owned by Mr. George Wilson, of West Ryde, N.S.W., who trains him.

In the first pilot film "Suzy" dances at a children's concert. The candid photography of dozens of children enthralled in the show is something that no mother will be able to resist when "Suzy" comes to the television screen.

TV stations are still negotiating with "Suzy's" creators for television rights. Whichever channel gets her will have a surefire winner.

* * *

I THINK you can use the same yardstick for good children's TV as for good children's books—do adults enjoy it, too?

I've been watching children's television shows recently and two have climbed to the top of my list—one very new and the other an "oldie."

The new one is "The Pioneers" (TCN9, Mondays to Fridays, 5 p.m.), and the old faithful "Superman" (ATN7, Mondays to Fridays, 6 p.m.).

When I first saw the narrator of "The Pioneers" I was amazed by his resemblance to the late Will Rogers, whom I remember seeing in Westerns when I was a child.

Of course, "The Pioneers" man turned out to be Will Rogers Jun. Who better could introduce stories of the old West than the son of the pioneer of Western films?

The series dramatises true stories of the old West, and in this sense it has historical as well as entertainment value.

The acting is more adult than the usual children's Westerns.

In fact, my first reaction was that this was hardly juvenile fare, with shots of bar-room girls, honky-tonk pianos, and brawling.

But as the story progressed it took on the tone of a family-type film that would interest all ages, given authenticity by Will Rogers Jun.'s commentaries.

This week we'll see a story about the Acoma Indians of New Mexico and the theft of a painting of St. Joseph in "The Pioneers."

Though "Superman" is a tried and trusted friend to 50 million kids throughout the world, he was a stranger to me until I decided to look in and see what makes so many children adore him. (When "Superman" George Reeves was alive, he received 5000 fan letters a week from children.)

I think the answer is that "Superman" is the sort of person every little boy wants to be, and also wants his father to be . . . strong, all-powerful, brave, and good.

He is also the man that every little girl would like to be rescued by.

It also gives childish viewers satisfaction to know "Superman" is Clark Kent, of the "Daily Planet," yet his colleagues and his editor have never cottoned on.

"Superman" has been flying across TV screens all over the world for ten years now. I expect the existing segments will bear a few more "repeats," but who is going to replace the late George Reeves when the films are worn out?

"SUZY" the puppet

WILL ROGERS JUN.

☆ **Television** ☆

Doctor in kilts

IT'S already been said, but I must say it again . . . how Dr. Alan Finlay, the new TV medico, resembles a young Danny Thomas—with a Scottish brogue!

The new A.B.C. series (Mondays, 7.30 p.m.) doesn't have the slickness and polish of the American medical series.

The first instalment introducing us to Dr. Finlay, newly qualified as a doctor and bitterly disappointed to learn that he doesn't have the qualities to become a great surgeon, was leisurely—even too slow.

But the characters are real, warm, and believable, and I'm sure that as the weeks go by Dr. Finlay will become as popular with Australian viewers as his American counterparts.

And since we have become familiar with so many diseases and their up-to-date treatment through other TV medical series, it is going to be interesting to compare modern medicine with that of the 1920s, the period in which the "Dr. Finlay's Casebook" series is set.

In those days penicillin was unknown, and scarlet fever, diphtheria, and TB were often fatal diseases.

Bill Simpson, the actor from Ayr, in Scotland, who plays Finlay, belongs to the Clan Fraser. We'll see him in one episode of the series clad in a kilt.

He says that in the B.B.C. studios in England the sets are so far apart he gets his exercise running between them.

"One day I was asked to take my money out of my pocket because, as I ran, its jingling came out loud and clear over the sound-recording. You can guess how I was ragged about that—being a Scot and all," he said.

FILM REVIEW AND GOSSIP

With WINIFRED MUNDAY

★ FIVE MILES TO MIDNIGHT

Sophia Loren looks as lovely as ever in an unbelievable story about a wife who is forced by her husband (Anthony Perkins) to conceal the fact that he is the sole survivor of a plane crash. The idea is to collect the insurance and give it to him so that he will leave her alone. She kills him in the end by the gruesome business of deliberately running him over. Not a very savory story, but as usual Sophia's acting redeems it slightly.—**Century, Sydney.**

In a word . . . BORING.

* * *

FRENCH film director Andre Cayatte will make two films simultaneously on the same subject with the same stars. They will deal with divorce and will cover the seven years of a marriage, from wedding to divorce court.

One will be titled "La Vie Conjugale: Francoise," the other "La Vie Conjugale: Jean-Marc." Both star Jacques Charrier, ex-husband of Brigitte Bardot, and Marie-Jose Nat.

"I handled more than 600 divorce cases," said ex-lawyer Cayatte, "and invariably the answers given by the married couple to questions were entirely different; they might have been talking about two different marriages. This gave me the idea for the two films."

It will not be necessary to see both to understand either one or the other. Each film will stand alone as a complete production.

READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES

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Tommy Hanlon

TOMMY HANLON'S *Thought For The Week*

Momma once said: What in the world has got into everybody? It seems like no one cares for anyone but themselves today. No helping each other. Stepping and clawing on top of each other to get to the top. The world poised on the brink of another war. People fighting with each other. Each country trying to take a piece of their neighbor's country. People digging up their backyards and, instead of planting roses, putting in bomb shelters. Where, oh where, is it all going to end? . . .

Momma's moral: I can't understand why the Russians are so unfriendly. Two drinks of vodka and I like everybody.

DID YOU KNOW?

SID JAMES is a London taxi-driver in his new B.B.C. series "Taxi!", to be offered to Australia soon. Like "Citizen James," each episode is complete in itself. But in the new venture Sid has separated from his old partnership with Hancock-Steptoe-Jimmy Edwards authors Galton and Simpson, who wrote the "Citizen James" series. This time he has turned to another experienced old hand, Ted Willis.

★ ★ ★

LANKY, long-haired Chuck Connors, of the "Rifleman" series, gets a new image in his "Arrest and Trial" series — with a crew-cut.

★ ★ ★

AT least one Roman toga in the BBC-TV wardrobe has had an exciting career all of its own. The toga, first made for the fabulous film epic "Cleopatra," was then used for the B.B.C. Shakespearian cycle "Spread of the Eagle." Finally it finished up on Jimmy Edwards, playing a Roman centurion in his new series "More Faces of Jim."

★ ★ ★

"THE HOLLOW CROWN," a big hit on Broadway, will shortly find its way to the TV screen — in a version headed by Paul Scofield, with Dorothy Tutin and the rest of the West End and Broadway cast. Columbia will produce the show — a series of readings about the kings and queens of English history from Arthur to Victoria — as a 90-minute special.

Television

THE Canadian company that made the Gilbert and Sullivan TV film of "H.M.S. Pinafore," seen recently in Australia, are pressing on with the works of the masters. "The Gondoliers," just shown in England by the B.B.C., is a similar, slightly shortened version of the original, made by the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation at the Stratford Festival, Ontario.

The contralto part, the Duchess of Plaza-Toro, is played by Ann Casson, daughter of Dame Sybil Thorndike and Sir Lewis Casson, and the Grand Inquisitor by her husband, Douglas Campbell. Both have been working for the past eight years in Ontario.

★ ★ ★

THREE Australian TV writers, one established and two making their way fast, are among the contributors to a new one-hour series on Britain's ATV called "Love Story." Each episode is a complete story and the team of writers includes novelist Doris Lessing, top TV scriptman Tim Aspinall, and ex-Fleet Street journalist David Ballantyne. The Australian strength is represented by Peter Yeldham, now one of Britain's top TV writers, and husband-and-wife team D'Arcy Niland and Ruth Park, who won ATV's play-writing competition in 1951.

★ ★ ★

"PETTICOAT JUNCTION" is the tentative title for the new Bea Benaderet series. The series is to be a kind of offspring of "The Beverly Hillbillies," capitalising on Miss Benaderet's great popularity in that series, and titles for the new show so far rejected were "Ozark Widow" and "Whistle Stop."

★ ★ ★

IMOGEN COCA, Sid Caesar's second string when the pair were television's most successful comedy team, returns solo next season in a comedy series. She will play a domestic servant who finds temporary employment in a different home each week in a series to be called "Grindl."

Medic relieves congestion simply and surely

Medic medicated vapour brings relief from the discomfort of congestion and coughs of colds . . . You can spray Medic at night without disturbing or waking your children. Medic will bring them relief while they sleep. Medic eliminates the fuss of nose drops and chest rubs . . . Spray Medic in rooms for soothing relief from the coughing and discomfort of colds. Medic contains special ingredients that help kill airborne germs . . . help protect against the spread of infection.

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THE BROTHERS CHARLTON

Television

● *The Charltons — Michael (36) and Tony (32) — have both become famous in totally different TV spheres: Michael as ABC-TV's top commentator on international affairs in the national "Four Corners" programme and Tony with his big Sunday sports show on Melbourne's GTV9.*

MICHAEL: Having built up a formidable TV reputation in Australia, Michael Charlton left late last month to gain further experience overseas.

He went off with a fatherly blessing from the A.B.C.: "Mr. Charlton has won our highest regard . . . ." said acting general manager Tal Duckmanton.

First of all, Michael is spending two months in the United States. Some time ago he received a State Department Leader Grant, which is awarded for outstanding achievement in communications.

In the U.S. he plans to see as much as he can of the country, meet prominent personalities, and do some interviews for "Four Corners" — screened by ABC-TV in every State, Saturdays, 8.30 p.m.

From America Michael goes to Britain, where he'll work with the B.B.C. for a year and appear in public-affairs programmes. Some will be shown here.

(Michael's wife, Isobel, and their children, Timothy, 14, and eight-year-old twins, Anne and Jeremy, hope to join him in England eventually.)

The A.B.C. expects that "Mr. Charlton will return to the programme as compere in October, 1964."

Meanwhile, "Four Corners" has posed something of a problem recently, with Michael off overseas and the departure of his co-editor and producer, Bob Raymond, for commercial TV (he heads the new Public Affairs Division at Sydney's TCN9).

The problem was solved, flatteringly for Michael Charlton, when he was replaced by five men: compere Gerald Lyons and additional interviewers Clifton Moore, Peter Macgregor, Frank Stuart, and John Penlington.

TONY: A perfectionist, a man whose TV show runs like clockwork, a man to whom a sporting controversy is as satisfying as a three-course meal . . .

That's a description which applies equally to both Charltons; it is also the reputation Tony Charlton has on Melbourne TV.

Tony compiles, produces, and comperes his sports show every Sunday.

In summer it is called simply "The Tony Charlton Sports Show." In winter it becomes exclusively a football show and for two hours from 12 noon Sunday practically no kick or mark in any of the previous day's V.F.L. games goes unmentioned.

Like his brother Michael, Tony grew up close to radio. Their father, Con Charlton, was one of the original announcers on Sydney A.B.C. and later became manager for the A.B.C. in Perth and Melbourne.

Tony was born in Sydney, grew up in Perth, got his first job in 1948 with 3AW in Melbourne, starting off as office boy and working up to sporting assistant to that station's Fred Tupper.

After five years with 3AW Tony joined the John Clemenger Agency in Melbourne, and until his move to GTV9 in 1961 he gained a world of experience there producing radio shows for studio audiences — continuing with his sport commentating.

There is hardly a sport on which Tony Charlton is not an expert. He has commentated on every Davis Cup Challenge Round in Australia since 1951. He has covered every golf tournament of note.

He covered the 1956 Olympic Games in Melbourne for GTV9 and at last year's Commonwealth Games in Perth he worked double time as a commentator as well as accumulating material for his Sunday show.

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PERFECT PARTNERS! Picture-book cake or deluxe dessert — it's extra special, extra delicious — when you start with a White Wings Cake Mix and add a can of peaches.

White Wings

Peach Halo Cake

WHITE WINGS CAKE MIX AND CANNED PEACHES

Mix a White Wings Buttercup Yellow Cake Mix and leave in bowl. Melt 3 tablespoons butter in the bottom of a 9" x 2½" round cake pan. Add ½ cup firmly packed brown sugar and ¾ cup coarse desiccated coconut and spread evenly over butter. Arrange well-drained sliced peaches evenly on top, then pour cake mix over. Bake in 350° oven for 35-40 minutes. When baked, turn out immediately. Serve hot or cold.

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GLASS OF SHERRY

She had laid her plans so well that retribution must surely follow . . . a memorable short story

By Leo Damore

Edwin Weston seemed to be completely engrossed in his newspaper as his wife, Helene, sat patiently beside his chair.

HELENE WESTON was sitting in her chair very quietly, watching. The five-year-old Givenchy she wore was uncomfortable. She could feel the sleeves binding her shoulders, sense the strain of the heavy fabric against her hips. It had been a mistake to wear the dress. She had chosen it out of some remembered sense of occasion — impulsively, without any time to do anything about its obvious out-of-date hemline.

No matter. Edwin hadn't noticed. Edwin was sitting across the room from her, in his accustomed place, reading the "World Telegram and Sun."

There had been no sound now, no movement from behind the newspaper for perhaps ten long minutes, yet she dared not speak. Dared not test that silence.

Patience, she told herself. Time is on your side today!

Her eyes sought the ormolu clock on the mantel pointlessly, for she had forgotten her glasses in the bedroom.

How long? she wondered. What would be a decent interval to wait before she found out? Strange, Helene thought now, after all of her careful planning she had no idea how quickly the poison would work or, in fact, if it would work at all. Except for the heart condition that had given Edwin his pallid, sullen look these past three years she would say that he was in excellent health.

From her place she could still see the glimmer of crystal which had been placed on the table next to Edwin's chair. There remained a last glistening droplet of sherry at the bottom of the glass.

She must remember at the end about the glass! She must not forget about the glass, about taking a new one from the cabinet, spilling some sherry into it, pouring it out again, then putting that glass on the table and taking the other and destroying it as she had planned.

There was no sound from behind the newspaper. No movement. She strained for the noise of his breathing.

Wait, she told herself. Don't be impatient. Wait.

She was not in the least afraid. Actually, nothing had changed. The room was the same as it always was. She was in her chair and Edwin was occupied in his. Nothing had changed except for the fact that it was possible that Edwin might at this very moment be dying. Or dead.

She had never felt so calm, so at peace and certain of herself. It was curious that now, with the long-thought-of deed, the dream-play that had haunted her for so long finally done, how calm she could be. How relaxed, actually. She didn't even hate him any more. Not at this moment, anyway. The turbulence of her rage at him had subsided at last.

"Edwin," she said finally, so quietly her lips hardly moved.

Her eyes pierced the newspaper, trying to see through and beyond it, waiting for some response.

"Edwin," she said, a bit louder.

There was no answer.

She paused, calculating what to do next. His unresponsiveness really did not have much significance. Immersed in the financial section of the paper as he frequently was, Edwin had often failed to hear her. It was one of her hated memories of him that assailed her now and she stiffened in her chair against him.

Was he dead?

Wait a little longer, she urged herself. She would have to leave the chair and go over to him on some pretext or other—announce dinner, perhaps—and see for herself. See if he were really dead. See with her own eyes if the torture she had endured these past five years was indeed over. The bad years, she had called them in the secrecy of her loathing. The terrible years!

Five years, she told herself again.

Five years ago this month she had reached the pinnacle she had sought all of her lifetime: she had been named Chairman of the "Fete," the annual charity ball affair, and had managed it all brilliantly — had triumphed, in fact! There had never been a more glittering success.

The week following, while she was still glowing from the after-effects of her success, Edwin had begun murdering her as surely and coldly as she had probably murdered him this afternoon.

It was in this very room—but, oh, how different the room looked then! Pahlmann had just redone it. It glowed. The whole house shone. There were six servants then, not just Hattie left and those dreadful "temporaries" the agency sent down part-time. The Givenchy she was wearing was new, the "dernier cri" that season. She'd just lunched with Edith Molliver Jones at Maude's.

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FEEL THE POSITIVE RELIEF FROM COUGHING WITH...

NEW NYAL 'DECONGESTANT' COUGH ELIXIR HAS...

60% More decongestive activity!
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Get positive relief from persistent coughing... heavy chest congestion ... bronchitis! Take NEW **improved formula** NYAL 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir. Reduces congestion; makes breathing easier; stops irritating coughing; clears phlegm-congested membranes. NEW 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir works faster; relief lasts longer. Get better, faster, with NEW NYAL 'Decongestant' ... **increased effectiveness without increase in price!** 6 fl. oz., **6/9.** 12 fl. oz., **11/3.** 16 fl. oz., **13/9.**

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Nyal 'DECONGESTANT' COUGH ELIXIR

Breathe Freely in 2 Minutes

Get wonderful relief from "stuffy" head colds—anytime, anywhere with NYAL 'Decongestant' NASAL SPRAY. A fine mist of relief-bringing medication penetrates high into nose and sinuses. Relief lasts for four hours. Soothing and gentle to delicate nasal tissue, **6/6**

Nyal 'Decongestant' NASAL SPRAY

Clear Head Colds with a Tablet!

COLDREX—the unique two-layer tablet—relieves head cold symptoms 3 WAYS! COLDREX combines a powerful decongestive, a pain reliever, and Vitamin C. Acts immediately to reduce nasal and sinus congestion; ease pain and reduce fever; build resistance to infection. Helps speed recovery. 12 tablets, **4/6**; 24 tablets, **8/-**

COLDREX

Build Resistance to Winter Ills

Build resistance to colds and 'flu with NYAL PLURAVIT Multi-Vitamin Capsules. One capsule daily supplies 21 essential vitamins and minerals your body needs daily. 30 days, **22/6**; 90 days, **52/6**.

PLURAVIT
MULTI-VITAMIN CAPSULES

Pain Relief Without Stomach Upset

You can get wonderful relief from pain with DOLAMIN without stomach upset. Gets to centre of pain faster; gives rapid, long-lasting relief from headache, nerve pains, muscular aches, feverishness of colds and 'flu. 24 tablets, **3/9**; 36 tablets, **4/9**; 100 tablets, **11/3**.

DOLAMIN

Nyal Medicines are manufactured under conditions of immaculate cleanliness. Each medicine is compounded by the most advanced methods under the supervision of qualified pharmacists.

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Vitamin C in a new, most palatable form—NYAL FLAVOURED Ascorbic Acid Tablets. Dissolve on the tongue ... pleasing to the taste because they have a mild, refreshing orange flavour. Two strengths: 50 mg. (100's), **5/11**; 250 mg. (100's), **15/6**.

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WHY DIDN'T YOU MARRY, MISS MASON?

This had been such a cherished secret, but now, unexpectedly, came the moment of truth . . . a sophisticated short story

By ROMA SHERRIS

IT was rather odd, in an age when confidences so often come first and surnames some time afterwards, that people were inclined to think of her as Miss Mason. Her friends, of course, called her Henrietta. But when they spoke of her to others it was invariably "Miss Mason." Perhaps they were unconsciously undermining the fact that she ought to have been Mrs. Somebody and wasn't.

After all, as everyone agreed, Miss Mason had everything. She was smart, beautiful, intelligent, warm-hearted, and generous, and although she was thirty-eight no one would have guessed it.

She had a good job which she coped with effortlessly and a charming flat which she ran just as well. She had a sense of humor, adored children, and was a natural cook who could make frozen cod taste like carp a la Chambord.

Her girl-friends, of whom she had many, for she was one of those rare women whom other women take trustingly into their homes as well as their hearts, were perplexed and distressed by her spinsterhood.

They discussed it interminably and plotted against it among themselves. Every time they came upon a new and, in their eyes, suitable, unattached man, they went into action like generals going to war.

Innumerable lean, bronzed bachelors on leave from the far-flung corners of the earth were invited to dinner. The most delectable part of the menu was a place next to Miss Mason. She laughed at their jokes, regardless of whether they were funny or not, enslaved them by her interest in their work, and gave such sympathetic attention to their personal problems that they returned home bemused and convinced that here at last was the soul mate they had sought all their lives.

The following day they would ring their hostess, ostensibly to say thank you for a delightful evening, in fact to ask for Miss Mason's telephone number. When they contacted her, however, it was only to learn that she was working late, leaving for a tour of the provinces, or had a list of engagements which occupied every moment of her time until their leave was over.

It was not only heartbreaking for the lean, bronzed men, it was extremely discouraging for Miss Mason's girl-friends, who strove so devotedly on her behalf.

Miss Mason's men friends, of whom she had a number, were equally perplexed by her spinsterhood. It is true that they did not exert themselves as actively as her women friends to rectify the situation. This was partly because it was too much trouble and alien to their "modus operandi" and partly because each of them saw Miss Mason in relation to himself and therefore knew precisely why he had not married her.

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GOLDEN SULTANA PUDDING

DELIGHT FOR A COLD NIGHT

Hot puddings and cold nights just go together naturally. And Sue Murray's new Golden Sultana Pudding will warm your whole family. Serve it steaming hot, rich with soaked-in-the-sun Sultanas — delicious! It's the easiest pudding you've ever made, and those sunny Sultanas give it a completely new and inviting taste. Make Sue Murray's Golden Sultana Pudding tonight.

It's another of the many good things you can make with Dried Fruits.

P.S. Golden Sultana Pudding with just a slight change of method becomes Golden Sultana Cake. Sue Murray tells you how to do it in the recipe below.

Sue Murray

Sue Murray, Home Economist of the Australian Dried Fruits Association, suggests you try this exciting new recipe.

GOLDEN SULTANA PUDDING

3 ozs. butter
3 ozs. castor sugar
½ teaspoon vanilla, 2 eggs
6 ozs. self raising flour
1 pinch salt, ¼ cup milk
4 ozs. Sultanas

NOTE: All cup measurements are the standard 8 oz. measuring cup and all spoon measurements are level unless otherwise stated.

Here's what you do:

Step 1. Cream the butter and sugar, add the vanilla and beat in the eggs gradually.

Step 2. Sift the flour and salt and add them to the mixture alternately with the milk.

Step 3. Stir in the Sultanas.

Step 4. Place the mixture in a well-greased pudding basin. Do **not** fill it more than two-thirds full.

Step 5. Cover the basin with greased paper, a tight-fitting lid, **or** greased aluminium foil folded firmly around the rim of the basin.

Step 6. Steam over gently boiling water for about 1½ hours.

Serve with custard, cream or ice cream.

You can adapt this recipe to make a delicious Sultana Cake after Step 3.

Step 4. Pour the mixture into a well-greased loaf pan, that has been lined on the bottom with paper.

Step 5. Bake in a moderate oven for from 40 to 45 minutes.

If liked when the cake is cool, ice with chocolate butter icing.

Sun Fruits make the dish!

AUSTRALIAN DRIED FRUITS ASSOCIATION

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Continued from page 21

WHY DIDN'T YOU MARRY, MISS MASON?

Although she was entirely feminine, physically desirable, and a stimulating and amusing companion, the moment a man attempted to cross the frontier of friendship into something more intimate, Miss Mason had a disconcerting trick of desexing herself, becoming remote, untouchable, and not at all as other women are.

So, while her men friends all agreed that it was fantastic that Miss Mason should not be married, each privately thought she should be married to someone other than himself.

All, that is, but Robert Barr, who worked for the same couture house as Miss Mason and had been in love with her for ten years. He, being a tenacious Scot, clung to the conviction that one day her heart would melt like the Snow Queen's and that when he took her hand or attempted to kiss her she would remain as warm, responsive, and approachable as when he discussed the firm's annual turnover across the office desk.

Once a year, as regular as clockwork, Robert Barr proposed to Miss Mason. Once a year she refused him with such humility and kindness that his resolution almost faltered. The genuine friendship which she offered in return for his love he found harder to bear than scorn, indifference, or even dislike.

Every time it happened, he thought seriously of changing his job. Every time he was on the point of doing so, he had second thoughts. It was not possible—not natural—he told himself, that she should continue indefinitely without the security and support of marriage. Her moment of awakening might well occur the second he had turned his back. Better, he thought, to stay around, watch the rejection of possible rivals, and claim her for himself when the inevitable metamorphosis took place.

He therefore continued to escort Miss Mason when she went out on behalf of the firm, and every Tuesday he took her out to dinner.

The only person who knew exactly why she had not married was Miss Mason herself. And, because she was a very proud and secretive person, she confided it to no one.

It was, in essence, very simple. Miss Mason was a perfectionist. If she couldn't have the best, she did without. And so it was in the case of a husband. She had found the one she wanted. They hadn't married. She had never met anyone to match him. So that was that.

WHEN she was twenty—not, in fact, as lovely as at thirty-eight, because she lacked the maturity, poise, and compassion that unhappiness had given her—she met Louis.

He was ten years older than she. He was not precisely good looking, but his face had immense charm, with slanting grey eyes and a wide, slightly crooked mouth. It was an eager, boyish face which, she thought, would carry its look of youth even into old age.

But it was not his appearance which had settled things for her and altered so irrevocably the whole course of her life. It was his delicate and intuitive understanding of her and her feelings. It was a strange and intoxicating faculty which revealed itself the first time they'd ever met.

At her mother's insistence she'd gone to a duty party given by some neighbors. They were smart, noisy, brittle people and she had felt out of place among them. As she'd accepted her first glass of sherry, she'd wondered how long, in politeness, she must stay, when a voice at her elbow had said:

"Don't run away yet, will you? Stay just half an hour. That's all I ask."

She had been so confused and thrown off balance that she had almost dropped her drink as she'd spun round to find a pair of slanting grey eyes smiling down at her.

She'd blushed scarlet. "Why, I've only just arrived!" Her voice was light. "What a moment to talk about leaving."

"It only takes a moment to know when one belongs—or doesn't," he'd replied.

Henrietta had looked away, and then decided to stop pretending. "Am I such a bad actress?"

"To the contrary. You were giving a quite exemplary social performance."

"Then how did you know? Can you always read people's thoughts?"

"Practically never. And I don't generally care enough to try. But you're not people, are you?"

That was how it started. By the end of the evening, Henrietta — nobody thought of her as Miss Mason in those days — had fallen madly, hopelessly in love.

The six months which followed were the happiest in her life. Louis taking her out, sensitive to the slightest nuance of her mood — gently encouraging her if she were downcast, matching her happiness when she was gay.

When he gave her a present, as he often did, it was always something which could have been chosen for her alone—flowers which precisely matched a favorite dress, a piece of jewellery with her birthstone.

If they did not speak of marriage, they spoke of forever. Henrietta was so unreservedly happy she did not ask for more. Sometimes after an evening out together, when she arrived home with her face aglow with happiness, she would think it was all too wonderful and too perfect to last.

It was.

One day when he met her, his eyes were unhappy and his face had a bereft and stricken look. His mother, who lived in South Africa, was ill, he said. She had asked him to go to her. It would break his heart to leave Henrietta, but he felt he had no alternative but to go.

"You're so young and so lovely, and I don't know how long I'll have to stay, my darling," he said, mingling his tears with hers, "so I don't think it's fair to hold you to me while I'm gone. I shall never forget you—and one day I shall come back. But in the meantime I want you to feel absolutely free. And if you meet anyone else . . ."

"But I don't want to be free!" she cried, in a passion of tears. "If you love me—"

"You know I do. You must know I'm not thinking of myself, but only of you," he said. "I have nothing to offer you at the moment. I just want to do the right thing by you. I'm prepared to wait until I die. But how could I ask you to do the same?"

"I shall wait for ever," Henrietta told him, suddenly very calm.

And she did.

She never heard from Louis again and the pain, which she kept entirely to herself, made it impossible for her to try to discover what had happened to him.

Sometimes she thought it strange that the mother he had scarcely ever mentioned before should have had such claims upon him. Then

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Anything else sound like them?

"The best to you each morning"

Such a Snap! Crackle! and Popping good breakfast!

RICE: (oryza sativa) One of the world's most nourishing grains

Kellogg's Rice Bubbles* – the only breakfast cereal in the world that says: "*I'm so crisp and delicious*" with a cheerful Snap! Crackle! Pop! *Oven-popped* from one of the world's most nourishing grains . . . rice. Serve them – soon.

*Rice Bubbles is a registered trade mark of Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., for its delicious brand of oven-popped rice. K740

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ABOVE

A short story

PETE WILLIAMS said admiringly, "You know, Alice, you're the perfect professional dope smuggler; you look such a nice, cosy little woman."

He turned from the window of her one-roomed apartment and grinned at the clerk who was looked upon with kindly but pitying condescension by the junior girls in the office where they both worked.

Poor Miss Brown, they said . . . a bit dull, really . . . nothing interesting could ever have happened to her. Pete had often heard them.

Alice didn't even look up from the suitcase she was packing in the alcove.

"Thanks for the crumbs from beneath your table, Pete," she said dryly. "But I can't return the compliment. You look like a professional ladykiller—and not at all nice."

He chuckled, not being averse to references to his masculine charm. He rather enjoyed her sledge-hammer cracks now that he was used to them and knew how easy she was to handle.

How right he had been about her, he thought, watching her bustling back and forth to the chest-of-drawers beside the divan. Wrong, too, in a way, because she had been so much more useful than he had dreamed that day he looked at her and summed her up.

"Lonely, middle-aged spinster. She'd be just the type, only she's probably as honest and impregnable as she looks."

Discreetly he drew out some of the juniors to talk about the lady clerk who had only recently joined the firm of hearing-aid manufacturers.

She was, he gathered, very thankful to get the job at her age, even though with all the prevailing staff shortages she needn't have worried. There was no man in her life.

It seemed, too, that Miss Brown had family responsibilities. Elderly parents in the country had to be helped, and she was worried because the rent of her apartment had gone up astronomically and she couldn't find anything cheaper.

Pete decided all this was promising; a little affection, presents, and flowers should start the softening-up process, anyway. But you never knew with middle-aged ladies; he'd take it slowly.

At first he'd occasionally stopped to have a few words as he passed her desk—about the weather, a news item currently hitting the headlines (noting that she evidently was an avid reader of newspapers and knew what was going on in the world).

A couple of times he made a passing reference to his loneliness and the problems of coping with life and home since he lost his wife. He didn't go so far as to say how he lost her. Pete Williams reckoned only to tell just so many lies as were necessary.

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SUSPICION

By MARGARET AVON

A lot could be done by what he called a nice choice of words and it was inartistic to exaggerate.

The first time he invited Alice to the theatre she had hesitated nervously and did not hide her surprise. Then she pleaded a prior engagement. Pete wasn't deceived, and he was immensely encouraged by this unsubtle female strategy.

Before he asked her out again he waited until she had begun to wonder whether he would or not. After that it had been fairly easy, much easier than he'd anticipated, in fact. There were the judicious tributes to her good taste with gifts like the ivory Siamese Temple and the rug which he said had been brought back by a friend from Hong Kong.

He sent her flowers more and more often. Then one Saturday morning he drove his small, inconspicuous grey car round to her apartment and delivered his roses with the suggestion that they take a drive into the country.

"What a lovely surprise," Alice said, her eyes shining with a can-this-really-be-me look.

It was a short leap from that to the next outing when she was so understanding about the friend he had to see in hospital, just when another friend was arriving at London Airport with a special present.

"Then he's flying straight on to the States," Pete explained. "I've been wondering . . . if you don't mind my asking . . . whether you could be bothered to go and meet him and collect the parcel. But if it's too much trouble . . ." He wound up diffidently with that slightly harassed air he knew so well how to assume.

"Mind going to London Airport!" she cried like an excited child, "I'd love it."

But at first she had jibbed at what he gave her to cover taxi fares and expenses.

"I want you to give yourself a lovely meal and go and come back in comfort, with a bit over. Buy your mother and father a present," he suggested, and don't be proud, Alice, not with me. After all, we're friends now, aren't we?"

After a long silence which left him limp and nervous she took the money. The next time wasn't so difficult, and after that he never noticed any reticence.

Alice Brown, he decided, was as ready as many another female to do anything . . . or almost anything . . . for a bit of easy money. Her jobs became routine . . . the docks, railway stations, airport . . . until he decided to take her a step farther and send her on some Continental jobs at weekends.

No Customs officer ever took a second look at her. But still, although he hadn't told her yet, he'd decided to "rest" her a while after this Madrid job and her annual holiday which followed directly after.

To page 47

Sneezin' Season's here!
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LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

They never go out

AS "Stay-Put" (S.A.) has put up with her husband not taking her out with him for six years I feel she is past hope unless she is prepared to make changes in herself and her outlook. She should learn to use her "woman's wiles," after realising that, if a wife wants to keep her husband, she must be much more than a housekeeper and a mother.

£1/1/- to "Happily Married" (name supplied), Somers, Vic.

★ ★ ★

I AM another "Stay-Put." It is 20 years since my husband took me out. He says it is an insult to his intelligence to look at pictures and shows, so gets his enjoyment at the local hotel. My advice is that you find an outside interest. When my family grew up I attended night craft classes, and took a part-time job. If there is a good show, I go alone or with the family.

£1/1/- to "Ay-ee" (name supplied), Parramatta, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

IN "Stay-Put's" case it could be that neither is at fault. There may be no type of outing which both she and her husband enjoy. Why does she not go out by herself twice a week and hide her disappointment, if not forget it? After so many years of marriage, she should know that if a husband won't—he WON'T.

£1/1/- to "Philosophical" (name supplied), Mackay, Qld.

★ ★ ★

INSTEAD of seeking marriage counselling, "Stay-Put," take my advice and make a positive move to go out with your husband. Buy a new outfit and turn up at his place of work with theatre tickets for the evening. Drop in at his club, attend a sporting function where he is present. If these tactics fail, join a class or group, and be out at least one night a week. Curiosity may have killed the cat, but it often cures a man.

£1/1/- to "Go Out" (name supplied), Epping, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

"STAY-PUT" asks "Which of us is wrong?" To a certain degree both you and your husband are to blame —he for his selfish disregard of your happiness and you for waiting six years before asserting your right to pleasure. Save like fury and buy yourself the smartest outfit you can, have your hair professionally done, and have an outing at least once a week. Perhaps your husband, when he sees his smartly attired wife happily preparing for her "day out," may stop and think.

£1/1/- to "What's Good for the Goose" (name supplied), Moonee Ponds, Vic.

She can't win

SEVERAL months ago I was reprimanded by my husband for not going through the pockets of his clothes before laundering, after I accidentally put his wristwatch (in the pocket of his working trousers) in the washing-machine. This morning, while going through pockets of clothes to be washed, I found a receipt for something he is buying for himself and which he did not want me to know about. Now I am in the "dog-house" for going through his pockets.

£1/1/- to "Puzzled" (name supplied), Penguin, Tas.

Plea from a fingernail-chewer

I GO through agonies of embarrassment because of dreadfully bitten fingernails. But not even the shame I feel gives me the willpower to overcome the craving I have to bite my nails. How can a fingernail-chewer reform?

£1/1/- to J.L. (name supplied), Bentleigh, Vic.

A memorial to Melba

I SUGGEST that the Opera House now under construction in Sydney should be named the Dame Nellie Melba Opera House, after the greatest Australian opera singer of all time. It might well be regarded as a memorial to Melba, with a statue of her there, too.

£1/1/- to A. Thornton, Granville, N.S.W.

Secret ambitions unfulfilled

HOW many people have a secret ambition to do something they would love to do, but probably never will? Mine is to play a clarinet or the trumpet in a Dixieland jazz band. As I am unable to play either instrument at the moment, no band is likely to try me out. But there is no harm in dreaming about it.

£1/1/- to Mrs. B. Fitzgerald, Auckland, New Zealand.

Trip abroad sets a problem

AN opportunity of living abroad for a year has come our way, but our finances would permit us to take with us only our three eldest children (whose ages range from 12 to 8). The younger ones would have to be left behind in the good care of relatives, and I am wondering would this be right or fair to all. Should we seize the chance to go overseas and not worry, or should I stay in Australia, keeping all our children together, while my husband goes alone?

£1/1/- to "Conscience Sop" (name supplied), Benalla, Vic.

THIS WEEK IN VERSE

ANY BUS, ANY DAY

Sitting, standing, to and fro
Every day the travellers go,
Squashed and stoic as they ride
Facked together side by side.
Sometimes one to one will say,
"Nice (or maybe nasty) day."
Mostly, though, in silence wrapped,
All in private worlds are trapped,
Brooding over who knows what?
Office crisis? Murder plot?
That one, tight-lipped, pale and wan—
Did she leave the iron on?
He whose brow is creased and worn—
Wife eloped? Or overdrawn?
Scarved and gloved, made up with care,
Pretty girls may earn a stare,
Earn a stare but not a seat,
Swaying on their high-heeled feet,
Silenced by the heavy air
Of acceptance or despair
As the daily travellers go
Squashed together, to and fro.

— **Dorothy Drain**

She prefers a lived-in home

I ENJOY visiting untidy homes showing signs of life and industry. Being able to see what the people who live in them are doing and making gives me new ideas and also enlarges the scope of conversation. I like to see the kind of books a family reads and find out whether the members incline to humor or tragedy, discover their interests, dreams, and ambitions, and whether they wish to escape from reality or get closer to it. In this way I learn how to understand them and give them the kind of companionship they enjoy. A tidy house with bare furniture and a few photos of ancestors on the walls leaves me cold.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Camilleri, Mackay, Qld.

Conversation by candlelight

FOLLOWING a recent storm our electricity was cut off for a time and we had to manage with the light from two candles. This meant no TV watching or listening to the radio after our meal, and there was not enough light to read or write. So we spent a completely relaxed evening, happy in a romantic world of our own — and we had our first real conversation for a long time. We were sorry when the electricity came on again, and decided that in the future we will set an occasional evening aside for candlelight.

£1/1/- to Mrs. L. Baldwin, Findon, S.A.

Ross Campbell writes...

FOUND WANTING

WHAT is the completely unpopular husband like?

From time to time the writers of letters published on this page mention the shortcomings of their marital partners. From these criticisms I have formed a picture of the man most likely to get on his wife's nerves.

His name is Joseph Mudfoot, known to his friends as Doghouse Joe.

A day in Joe's life begins with his wife, Nora, shaking him to wake him up. He is a heavy sleeper.

Nora looks tired — she does not get much sleep because of her husband's snoring.

Joe has a shave, leaving the shaving-brush to be washed by "The Missus," as he calls his wife.

"At least he's shaved today," she says thankfully. Joe does not shave at weekends except when he plays golf.

He goes out to collect the mail and comes back into the house without wiping his boots.

Opening the letters addressed to his wife, he reads them aloud with comments.

"Your sister says: 'What about coming to the pictures? It'll do you good.' Doesn't she know you went to the pictures last month?"

Suddenly he remembers it is Nora's birthday. He brings out the garden rake he has bought for her.

She says sadly: "After the tea-

towels you got last year, I was hoping you'd give me something pretty."

"What's the matter? It's a decent-looking rake."

Joe goes to work, remarking: "You'd better finish painting the kitchen today."

He painted half of the kitchen on the weekend. He is a do-it-yourself man, but does not finish the jobs he starts.

As he drives away, Nora thinks: "If only I had the car for shopping!" Joes does not let her learn to drive, because he says she would be no good at it.

She goes inside and picks up the pyjamas he left on the floor. (She has to wait on him hand and foot because his mother spoiled him.)

That night Joe comes home late for dinner, bringing a friend.

"Guess what I did for you today," he says to Nora. "I put an electric frypan on the layby."

She smiles wearily, knowing she will have to meet the monthly payments out of the housekeeping.

At dinner her husband tells some Army stories which she has heard before. Then he talks about the pretty girls at the office.

Nora bites her lip as she brings in the steam pudding.

"Not steam pudding again! You know I hate the stuff," he grumbles.

As soon as dinner is over Doghouse Joe falls asleep.

Nora does the dishes unaided. Then she gets out her writing pad, sits down, and reaches for her pen . . .

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Coverfluid by helena rubinstein

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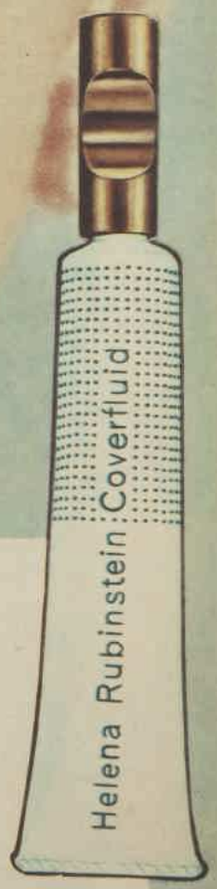

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Worth Reporting

MRS. DOROTHY SUTHERLAND, of Woollahra, Sydney, agrees wholeheartedly with the English doctor who recently advocated cycling as the best possible exercise for middle-aged people.

Mrs. Sutherland, a petite 51-year-old grandmother, cycled alone from Sydney to Melbourne and back in nine days during her annual holidays last month. She had not ridden a bike for six years before she started her trip.

"I feel marvellous," she told us the day after she returned to Sydney. "I've had no stiff muscles and not a single ache or pain. And I've actually gained a few pounds. I'm eight stone for the first time in years.

"I had good weather, no punctures, and only one spill. That happened when my wheel caught in a little footbridge outside Wangaratta."

The bicycle Mrs. Sutherland chose for her trip was a boy's racing model.

"I used to race at Wentworth Park here in Sydney about 25 years ago," she said. "And I don't feel comfortable on a lady's bike.

"Just for sentimental reasons I got out my battered old cycling shoes and wore them on this trip. They just lasted the distance — they fell to pieces when I got back home."

Mrs. Sutherland wore a tracksuit and carried a spare suit and a transistor radio with her. She stopped for meals "whenever I felt really hungry" and stayed overnight at hotels or motels en route.

"One hotelkeeper said he'd been in the business for 12 years, but had never booked in a bicycle before," she said.

Did Mrs. Sutherland plan any more cycling marathons?

"I'll probably make another trip on my holidays next year. And my 25-year-old daughter says she's coming with me next time."

★ ★ ★

A MAKE-UP tip (take it or leave it) from English novelist Barbara Cartland and her daughter, the Countess of Dartmouth. They use boot-polish on their eyelashes instead of mascara. The reason? "It doesn't run when you cry."

Cycling grandmother, Mrs. D. Sutherland.

"EYES ON THE ROAD" is, we know, the maxim of the good driver. But there are some "I's" which can be dangerous on the road. They are inexperience, indifference, impatience, ill-temper, and intemperance.

★ ★ ★

Big profit from recipes

THESE days hostesses giving a dinner party in Bendigo, Victoria, often serve Beef Stroganoff followed by Petit Pot De Creme Au Chocolat.

They're the two most popular recipes in a cookbook compiled by a band of Bendigo mothers.

The mothers sold 3000 of the recipe books and made £500 for their cause — the Neale Street North Preschool Centre in Bendigo. The money bought furniture for the £9000 kindergarten, which will be officially opened on August 17.

There was such a demand for the books that the mothers have ordered another 3000 copies—and with the proceeds hope to buy curtains, outside blinds, and other kindergarten fittings.

They gathered their recipes from Bendigo cooks and well-known Victorian women. Lady Brooks, wife of the former Governor of Victoria, gave the Beef Stroganoff and chocolate sweet recipes.

There are more than 300 recipes in the book including a beef casserole dish from TV compere Graham Kennedy and a recipe for Crepe Suzettes from TV hostess Corinne Kirby.

Toys that hate noise

WE'D heard about the trolls of Scandinavian folklore, but we'd never seen one until Mr. L. H. Freeman, of Wellington, New Zealand, visited our office.

Mr. Freeman brought a whole family of trolls with him. Big trolls and little trolls, redheads, greyheads, blondes, and brunettes — all with the same fascinatingly ugly faces and smiling brown eyes.

"You either love them or hate them," Mr. Freeman said. (They won us completely.)

The troll, we learned, has become a good-luck talisman for thousands of women in Europe, America, and New Zealand.

Women go to the races with a troll tucked under their arm or in their handbag.

American woman Mrs. Betty Miller took one with her when she flew the Pacific recently.

"In ancient Scandinavian folklore, the trolls were giants who lived in caves and under the hills," Mr. Freeman said. "But in recent centuries belief in the big, bad troll has been discarded in favor of the dwarf troll.

"If you look after these little people they will bring you good luck and riches.

"Scandinavian children put saucers of milk and food outside the door at Christmas for the trolls.

"A few years ago a Danish artist named Thomas Dan carved a wooden troll and put it among his paintings in an exhibition. It was the first thing that sold.

"He carved several more for his next exhibition and sold them immediately.

"Today he is known as 'the Walt Disney of Europe.' He has factories making trolls in Denmark, Canada, and New Zealand. His home factory produces up to 10,000 a day."

Mr. Freeman, who is an importer, introduced the trolls to Australia at the Sydney Trade Fair.

There'll probably be quite a number of them in Santa's sack when he makes his "down under" tour this year.

Their possibilities for gentle blackmail will appeal to many mothers. Legend has it that trolls are upset by noise—so they won't exercise their magic unless the children are quiet . . .

TROLLS . . . you'll love 'em or hate 'em.

WHEN you "spring clean" your medicine chest, don't put your old medicine bottles and boxes of pills into the rubbish bin. There is always the danger that young children may find them.

Following the publication of our Home Safety Guide on June 26, in which we advised that surplus, old, or unlabelled medicine bottles and pills be thrown away, a spokesman for the N.S.W. Department of Public Health has pointed out that there are cases on record of children consuming poisonous items from garbage cans.

The Department's advice is, "Empty the contents of all old, surplus, or unlabelled medicine bottles or containers of medicine or pills into the sewerage system. Or, if you can, burn them.

"This should be done with all medicine bottles or packages whose contents are not thoroughly known. The containers should be destroyed."

Don't just ask for a toothbrush !

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A SECRET PLACE

VERA STARR, divorced wife of PAUL and mother of their children, SHEILAH and BENJY, is found dead in a NEW YORK park, strangled with a gaily designed scarf. She had left the children with a baby-sitter on Saturday intending to return on Sunday, and had rung Sheilah telling her she was in Atlantic City. Sheilah is panic-stricken, as the scarf is identical with one her father had given her and which she had left in his house. She thinks he will be suspected of the murder. When DETECTIVES FRANK LUTHER and NICK ARBELLI arrive at Vera's flat and question the children, on pretence of visiting their friend, LUCILLE BRUSH, in her flat below, they escape and hide in Central Park.

The detectives learn from ARTHUR LANDIS, Paul's employer, that Paul had altered his plans to go to Chicago on Saturday night and had not left until next morning. He returns home on hearing of Vera's death and then learns of the children's disappearance. Meanwhile, Sheilah, having seen a newspaper in the park, knows the murdered woman is her mother. The detectives interview TONY BELARDO, who runs a restaurant frequented by Vera. He had been involved in a narcotics charge and they believe Vera's murder may be associated with the drug heroin, as they have found traces of it in her flat. They learn from Paul that CLAUDE BOGGS, Vera's brother, had been in trouble with the law. Paul admits he met Vera on Saturday afternoon and gave her Sheilah's scarf. At her home CORA LANDIS, Arthur's wife, finds him searching for something. She asks him if he is looking for an overnight bag with the initials V.S. on it. NOW READ ON:

Paul tenderly put his arms around Lucille. "Will you come out and visit us in the country?" he asked her.

CORA saw that her question had hit Arthur. He sucked in his breath and his face had a red, choked look.

"You looked in the wrong place," she went on. "It's not in the attic."

"What did you do with it, Cora?"

"I disposed of it," she said. "Don't worry." She could hear his heavy breathing and she smiled. "I mean I disposed of it so that if anybody starts putting things in my drinks again, or telling Dr. Bogardus lies about me, or thinking that Cora would be better off in a nice rest home—well, I disposed of it in such a way that if anything like that ever happens it can be found, you see."

"Cora," he said fiercely, "you're out of your mind."

"Again!" she said. "Cora is out of her mind again!"

"Honey, I didn't mean it that way," he said soothingly. "I'm sorry. I meant those were pretty wild accusations, that's all."

"Did I make any accusations?" she asked. "Of course I am really very curious how it was that a certain lady happened to turn up dead on Riverside Drive."

He sucked in his breath again, then burst out, "I didn't kill her!"

"I know you never went to Washington this weekend," she said. "I know you came home carrying an overnight bag with the initials V.S. on it and full of black lingerie and silver hairbrushes also marked V.S. I don't know where you were, but I do know who was with you, Arthur, and I know they found her dead on Riverside Drive."

He wiped the back of his hand across his moustache, where perspiration glistened.

"Darling," she said, "don't you realise that I've known about you and Vera for months? Where you were the nights you told me business kept you over in New York? Who that perpetual out-of-town client was?"

"Cora—" he began, and broke off.

"I'm listening," she said.

He spread his hands. "What can I say? Yes, I was involved with Vera. But I was trying to break it off, believe me."

"And you did," she said. "Indeed you did."

"Please listen," he said, and she saw the beads of sweat on his forehead. "I know this sounds odd, but she just disappeared Saturday night. I told her we had to break it off. There was a scene and I left her and took a walk and when I came back she was gone. She just walked out.

"I waited all night and most of the day Sunday and then I drove back here. I expected to see her again, naturally. Don't you see? That's why I still had her bag. I was going to return it to her. I thought that she had taken a train to New York."

With a little surprise Cora noticed that she still held the glass untouched in her hand and she finished it off. "Darling, I'm your wife, for better or worse," she said. "It can't get much worse, can it?"

"Tell me, honey," he said softly, "what did you do with that bag?"

"I'd stick with you through anything," Cora said.

"But I didn't lay a hand on her, I swear. We had an argument, yes, and while I was gone she disappeared. I waited a while and then I called the operator and she said Vera had had a call. Somebody called her and she went down to the lobby apparently."

"Where was this?" she asked.

He shrugged heavily. "Atlantic City."

She said, "Arthur, who did Vera know in Atlantic City?"

He frowned. "How would I know?"

"Doesn't it seem a little odd she'd get a call there when she was off on a clandestine weekend, darling?" She smiled and added gently, "I think you'd better have a good story, a very convincing story."

"I told you the truth," he said.

"Do you care to tell it to the police?" she asked. She shook her head. "No, this is your story. This is what you'll say and I'll back you up on every word of it. You never went anywhere. You were here all weekend long, down with a touch of flu, and I'll swear to that. You cancelled your Washington trip. The maid had the whole weekend off and I stayed home and nursed you. I never left the house except for half an hour at the Herrings' cocktail party."

"But what did you tell people there?"

"Nobody even asked about you, darling. Everybody knew you were supposed to go to Washington. Paul and the others—"

"All right," he said brusquely. "All right, Cora."

"So that will be your story," she said, "and I'll back you up on it."

"No, it wouldn't work. Vera called home, said she was in Atlantic City. She talked to Sheilah on the telephone and she even gave the room number," he said. "I heard her. Room

To page 55

Concluding instalment of our dramatic serial

By EDWIN LANHAM

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HONG KONG vacation

A pretty girl in cheongsam. A waiting rickshaw. A familiar sight. Yet different. An adventure. A vacation in Hong Kong. This typical simple street scene means much to the tourist. It means Hong Kong. Hong Kong is a mixture of races, of paces, of feelings, of actions and of worlds. Gateway to the Orient, it is the only city in the world where East *truly* meets West, there is a complete co-existence of the old and the new, and the mysticism of the Orient comes face to face with the realities and the many, many comforts of the West.

It is 398½ square miles of contrast, of British rule and Asian people, of glorious panoramic views and crowded streets. Numerous day and night tours fill the tourists' agenda from the time he or she disembarks until that touching moment of farewell.

And in between the time spent touring the sights there are so many shops to visit. Being a tax free port Hong Kong can offer you a wide range of goods often at cheaper prices than in the country of their origin. For the adventurous gourmet, Hong Kong offers delights of the palate beyond expectation. Over and above specialities such as Peking duck, the most tender sweet and sour pork in the world and Hong Kong's famous seafood (the unique Aberdeen floating restaurants are a must), one has the choice of Japanese, Russian, French, Portugese and many other types of food. N.B. Fresh oysters, meat and vegetables are flown in from Australia four times weekly.

If you think you couldn't afford a holiday in Hong Kong, ask your Travel Agent for details of the Group Travel Plan, where 15 or more people belonging to the same organisation or firm can travel to Hong Kong and back, saving £94.15.0. each in air fares. For the more leisurely traveller both passenger and cargo passenger boats sail regularly to Hong Kong. In all there are 6 flights per week direct from Sydney to Hong Kong, and on an average, one ship sails every 5 days for this fascinating port. Your Travel Agent will give you detailed information on fares and schedules. Call him now, plan the holiday you owe yourself.

Hong Kong, which extends from the actual island itself through Kowloon to the New Territories, will provide a fascinating study for the tourist. And for the sports-minded, there is golf, tennis or swimming with an occasional surf rolling onto the brilliant white sands of Big Wave Bay, only half an hour's drive from Hong Kong. Water skiing or skin diving too. Whatever your choice, unforgettable scenery will imprint itself on your mind. To cap it all there is accommodation to suit every need, from a single room to a luxurious suite.

Discover Hong Kong — take a trip that's different — one with everything — take a Hong Kong vacation. And come home rewarded in both experience and memories, not to forget all those tax free purchases.

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W/W22

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6-PAGE FEATURE

Seasonal fashions from the shops

● In this special fashion section we present a collection of clothes designed for spring and summer. The nifty 3-piece outfit shown on this page and the dresses, suits, coats, and evening wear overleaf are on sale in stores and shops throughout Australia at about the prices given.

SMART women all over Australia will enjoy this season's new clothes because the designs are chic and practical, and a variety of fabrics leaves plenty of room for individual taste and need.

Tops in popularity are fabrics like pure linen and silk, linen and silk-type materials, cotton in many textures, fine wool, and all the wonderful synthetic fibres.

The simplicity of shape and cut that dominates many of the new season's silhouettes is worthy of special attention.

Simplified lines crop up all the time in all spheres from basic clothes to high-fashion garments. This look is lean and easy-going.

Some of the new day and evening dresses of the "little streak" persuasion may even seem simple to the point of being stark. Nevertheless, you can frequently cram more fashion for your money into a simple dress of good fabric and finish than you can get any other way.

A smooth, uncluttered look from head to toe is the aim in current dressing, and it looks very smart indeed. A wonderful hat on your head, unfussy shoes (long points are out), pull-on gloves, even the cut of your hair are all part of the picture.

Putting together this feature we kept price-tags as well as fashion trends in mind. If you have to be budget-minded there are style winners in basics and best-sellers in medium-price ranges.

Those who can afford the fun of high-fashion can splurge on the models.

Continued overleaf

COOL, tropical-sea effect of pure silk frock and jacket in sparkling colors. Notable fashion detail is the slim dress topped with a printed blouse and contrast waistband, the jacket welt-trimmed, with a fashionable standaway collar. By Lucas, 45 guineas (Hordern Bros., Sydney; Buckley & Nunn, Melbourne; Miller Anderson, Adelaide; Marcia Gowns, Brisbane; Boans, Perth.)

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ZERO IS ECONOMICAL!

Because it is so concentrated, you will find that one pack washes an amazing number of woollens.

USE ZERO FOR...

Knitwear — cashmere — mohair — lambs' wool—angora—mixed fibres and synthetic knitteds—baby wear —blankets—rugs.

Look for this Zero pack on display at your favourite store now!

Fashions from the shops (Continued)

SPRINGLIKE three-piece ensemble (right) links corn-colored hopsack and floral-printed chiffon. The blouse has a soft tie at neck. Straw sou'wester supports the yellow - and - white color theme. Sizes XSSW to W, also in candy-pink, blue. Ensemble, 28gns. (Myer Emporium, Melbourne.)

HIGH-CURVE coat-dress (above) is tailored as precisely as anyone could wish, to achieve that fashionable spare look. The fabric is red-weave slub linen. The wide neck-line is a flattering detail. XXSSW to SW. 12 gns. (John Martin's Miss Sophisticate Shop, Adelaide.)

AMERICAN-STYLE three-piece (right) with smart braided look. Very wearable are the straight skirt and tailored jacket with gold-button trim. Sleeveless blouse is in contrast color. XSSW, SSW, SW, W, white / gold / navy, cream/gold/green, white/aqua/brown. £9/19/6. (Aherns, Perth.)

Continued overleaf

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or "seat"
or crush
(and only need a brief encounter with the iron!)
It's 'Terylene' that keeps them so well groomed.
It does the most for fashion—and for you.

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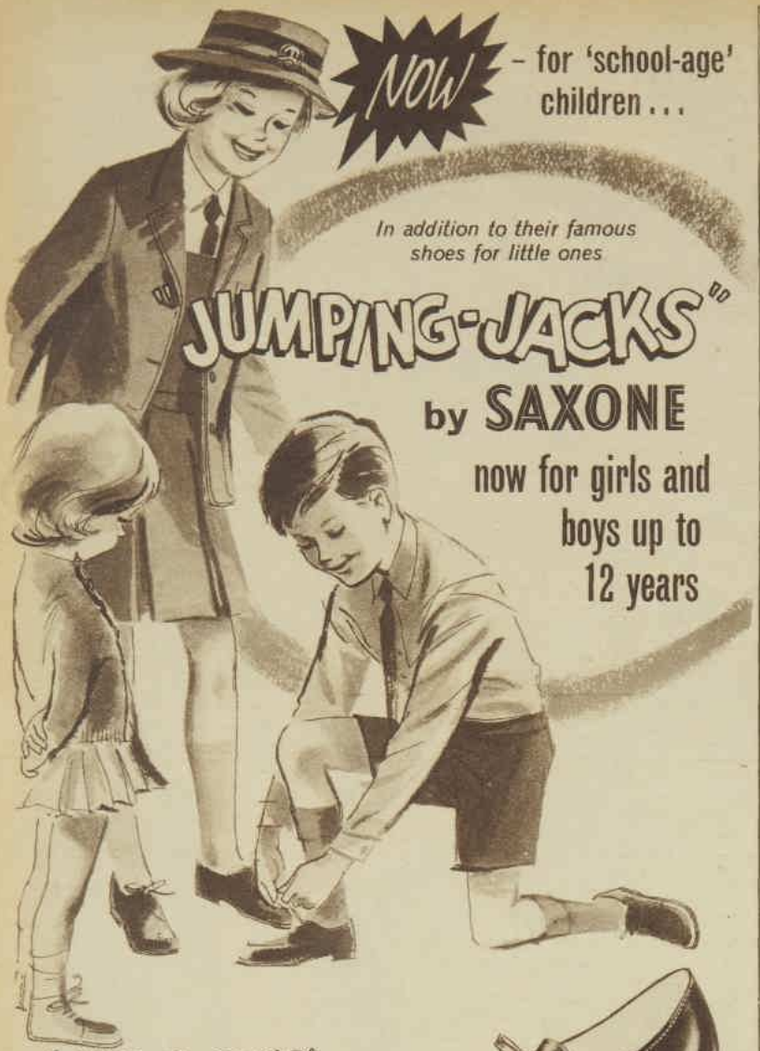

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JUNIORS and SENIORS

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Specially graded fractional lasts ensure perfect individual fitting, with ample freedom for growing feet.

"Jumping-Jacks" fit snugly at the heel, give perfect support, and their mellow all-leather insoles make sure that no synthetics come into contact with tender busy feet. You can be sure "Jumping-Jacks" give exceptionally long wear under the toughest conditions, and they are completely repairable.

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"JUMPING-JACKS"
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The unique, patented, one-piece sole and heel gently holds active little feet in proper walking position.

The one-piece sole aids balance, inspiring confidence from the first toddling steps.

The heel — square across the back — teaches straight heel-to-toe walking, as nature intended.

Flexible, light — all the advantages of barefoot freedom. No stiff counters and shanks, as in ordinary shoes for toddlers.

AT SHOE STORES WHERE THEY REALLY CARE

J135

Fashions from the shops (Continued)

ABOVE: New York - designed two-piece suit of black - and-white check cotton accented with narrow black patent belt and self-scarf is in sizes 12 and 16. 30 gns. (Mark Foys.)

NEWSY "flax-look" frock with curved, bib-front detail. In gold and natural checks on white. Sizes XXSSW to SW. £11/19/11. (Cursons.)

RIGHT: Snappy cotton two-piecer, semi-fitted and fashionably lean, features keyhole neckline at back. Colors are gold, green, pink, sizes 10 to 16. £8/19/11. (David Jones.)

RIGHT: Smart, young blazer-suit in lightweight orlon is made on easy lines and features bound edges, pocket trim. In range of sizes, 6 gns. (Farmer and Co., David Jones, Anthony Horderns.)

Continued overleaf

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SMART, NEW STYLING

STYLED in Bangkok fabric (a soft, silky blend), this three-piece (above) is light and cool. In range of colors, £14/19/11. (Grace Bros.)

RIGHT: Pale spring suit of fine wool makes height-of-fashion news everywhere. Sizes XSSW to SW. £25. (Mark Foys, Grace Bros.)

DASHING little suit of navy linen (above) with white blouse, in a range of colors and sizes. £9 / 19 / 11. (Grace Bros.)

CHECK-AND-PLAIN two-piece in mini-care fabric. Check jacket has imitation pockets, pearl-finish buttons, the slim skirt is solid contrast color. Range of colors in sizes XSSW to W. 99/11. (Rockmans.)

SIMPLE look in tailored suit of aqua pure silk. The longer-line jacket has cuffed and buttoned sleeves, the skirt is narrow, the overall effect lithe. 19 gns. (Hordern Bros. Boutique.)

STRIPED tricel/viscose two-piece suit. Sleeveless top has slotted self-tie belt. Skirt pleats are permanent. In a range of colors. XSSW to W. 59/11. (Rockmans.)

RIGHT: Button-through tunic with fitted look in Estacel tussoni (a fabric like tussore). By Taffs. About 9 gns. (Farmers, Marcus Clark.)

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Fashions from the shops . . . conclusion

Shades and shapes for chic surroundings

● Some especially pretty examples of the brightest news in fashion for spring-summer, 1963, are shown on these pages. The brilliant side of after-five styling is displayed in the striking long hostess gown at far right. In delicious contrast are the pale tones in the youthful evening dress and float-coat at left. Somewhere in between these two colorways is perennial, oh-so-flattering pink, for any time of day and night, and glowing blue. You can stay happily in fashion with all these shades in any of the varied textures and tonings that you care to name.

ROMANTIC evening gown and coat of terylene voile by Charlotte of 5th Avenue. Gown £32/5/-, coat £16/10/-. (Greigs, Sydney; Buckley and Nunn and Canns, Melbourne; David Jones, Adelaide; McWhirters, Brisbane; Boans, Perth; FitzGeralds, Hobart; Ludbrooks, Launceston.)

COCKTAIL glamor (far right) in pure silk shantung with standaway bodice, braid, and bead trim. By Lucas, 39 guineas. (Rondels, Sydney; Georges, Melbourne; Miller Anderson, Adelaide; Finney Isles, Brisbane; Boans, Perth; Gwenyth Gowns, Launceston.) Right: Slim silk afternoon dress with slitfront bodice buttoned to a straight skirt which has patch pockets. By Lucas, 30 guineas. (Mark Foys, Sydney; Misses Mooney, Melbourne; John Martin, Adelaide; Aherns, Perth; Gwenyth Gowns, Launceston.)

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COOL Italian-look two-piece (left) in Estacel silkyknit fabric with white piping on the trim blazer top. By Sharene, about nine guineas. (Farmer & Co., Sydney; Myer Emporium and Foy and Gibson, Melbourne; Myer Emporium and David Jones, Adelaide; Myer stores, Brisbane; Corot & Co., Perth; FitzGeralds, Hobart.)

ELEGANT hostess gown of hand-woven orlon and viscose fabric, the bodice threaded with satin ribbon and lightly beaded, is worn high-sashed or straight. By Robert Malthus, Toorak. About 33 guineas. (Mark Foys, Sydney; Ariane Boutique, Double Bay; Georges, L'Officiel, Rue de la Paix, Melbourne; L'Officiel, Adelaide; Gina's Boutique, Hobart.)

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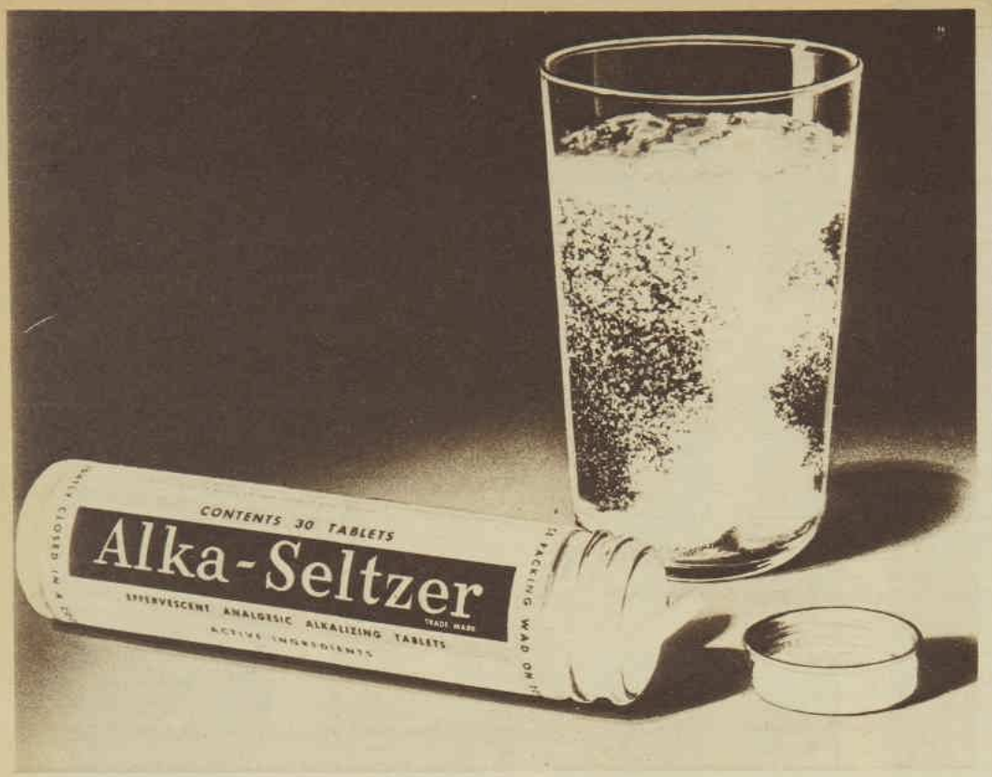

how does one glassful of a sparkling drink relieve either a headache or an upset stomach?

Because Alka-Seltzer is the world's most out-of-the-ordinary home medicine — it is two medicines in one. It contains an effective and quick-acting pain-reliever and also an ingredient to relieve stomach upset and neutralise excess stomach acidity. It has none of the harsh acid reaction of so many other aspirin-type products.

Here's how Alka-Seltzer goes to work so quickly to relieve pain and discomfort: when Alka-Seltzer tablets are dissolved in water, their ingredients react together to form the Soluble Sodium Salt of Aspirin, Sodium Citrate and Carbon Dioxide.

Their combined reaction, released as a sparkling drink, speeds the efficient pain-reliever into the blood-stream. At the same time the solution reduces acidity in the stomach and lessens irritation of the stomach wall. These are medical facts, proven in clinical studies.

What makes Alka-Seltzer so valuable for your medicine cabinet is that it gives rapid relief in this wide range of simple complaints:

Headache, Upset Stomach

Indigestion, Heartburn

Over Indulgence in Food and/or Drink

Neuralgia, Discomforts of Colds and Flu

Hot Weather Fatigue, Nausea

Muscular Aches and Pains.

Most children like Alka-Seltzer, too . . . it is so easy to give and so quickly clears up their headaches or tummy upsets, but if the children are under 3 years of age medical advice should be sought.

Keep Alka-Seltzer in your medicine cabinet — when headaches, aches and pains or hot weather fatigue occur, get quick, safe relief.

Alka-Seltzer is available at all Chemists and Stores.

N212A

Dress Sense

By BETTY KEEP

2570.—Wedding dress and matching back-buttoned jacket. Sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. Requires 4½ to 4⅝yds. 45in. material. The pattern also includes the same design with a street-length skirt. Butterick pattern 2570, price 5/6. Postage 6d. extra. Patterns available from Betty Keep, Pattern Service, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders.

● This bell-skirted bridal dress with its matching back-buttoned jacket can be worn as illustrated or, minus the jacket, as a formal ballgown.

THE design was chosen for a country reader. Here is part of her letter and my reply:

"Would it be possible to have a formal wedding gown that could later be worn for ballroom dancing? I am tall and slim and only wear tailored styles. I would also like an idea for a bridal headdress to suit short hair. Could I have a pattern for a two-in-one gown?"

A classic bell-skirted bridal gown with a sleeveless bodice-top and a matching back-buttoned jacket will solve your problem. The dress is illustrated above. A pill-box headdress in matching material will complete the tailored look of the ensemble.

I suggest you wear it with a short veil of nylon tulle. You did not mention the pattern size you require; however, the ensemble is available in sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. Under the illustration are further details and how to order.

"Can a bridal bouquet consist of just a few flowers, or has it got to be more formal? I didn't want anything elaborate."

A small nosegay of flowers can look very charming and ample. I suggest you finish the bouquet with loops or streamers of white satin ribbon.

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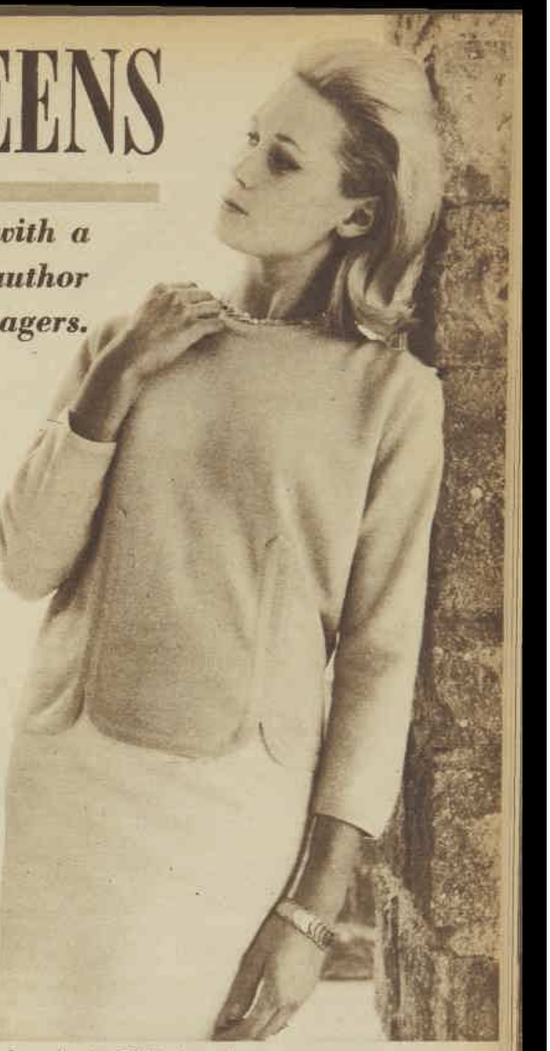
THE THOUGHTLESS TEENS

● *How can a mother manage to feel loved and wanted with a captious teenager in the house? Dorothy Van Ark, the author of this article, thinks this is a plight facing all mothers of teenagers.*



● **"Too much attention is paid these days to preventing psychological problems in children and too little to preventing them in mothers," says a leading British child expert, R. S. Illingworth. "Mothers need a break from their noisy, dirty, wailing kids."**

I GO all the way with Illingworth—except why does he limit himself to little kids? What I'm looking for is an expert on the plight of the mothers of teenagers.

I am such a mother and I am going through that rejected, unloved stage of development when I need reassurance more than just rest.

It's not just I who suffers, either. It's widespread.

Take the matter of ego, for example. The other night a friend of mine was all ready to go out to dinner, feeling pretty chic in her best black.

"Which hat do you think I should wear?" she asked her teenage daughter, holding two tiny evening hats up for scrutiny.

Daughter studied the hats, then studied mother, then uttered: "Really, Mother, I don't think it matters which hat you wear."

Rebuffs like this occur in almost every mother-daughter exchange. "Dear," says mother, "you left the lamp in your bedroom turned on all day." (Very pleasant voice. Teenagers are sensitive.) "Could you watch it after this?" Answer: "All right, Mother. All right! You don't have to yell at me."

Or hear this. *One spring when I felt the need to prove my worth, I said to my daughters.* "This year I think I'll try to get a three-week Christmas job." They stared at me. "What could YOU do?"

When our oldest left home for the first time to go to a youth camp for a few days, I was naturally interested to know what kind of experience she was having.

Upon her homecoming, I stood at the door eagerly, but she brushed right past me. "I've had stomach-ache for three days and I think I broke my toe," she barked. To this day that's absolutely all I've ever learned of that experience.

Even on those rare occasions when a teenager tries to be kind to her mother, it's unnerving.

For example, illness recently kept our daughter home from school. I, therefore, listened docilely through three solid hours of "West Side Story" on the radiogram before pleading for a change.

That missing tenderness

With great kindness, she put on a record just for me—Frank Sinatra bleating in mournful tones, "She may get weary, women do get weary, wearing the same shabby dress. And when she's weary, try a little ten-der-ness."

I cried out (I was on my knees scrubbing the kitchen floor): "In heaven's name, go back to 'West Side Story'!"

Whereupon, my daughter summed up the whole problem in one simple sentence: "I guess we just don't understand each other."

I guess she's right. And we're not going to understand each other for at least another three years. So why not accept the problem instead of hitting oneself over the head with it?

This plan has the advantage of leaving me free to concentrate, as Illingworth suggests, on the psychological problem of me.

As I've said, a mother feels rejected, her sense of security is shaken, and nobody in the family understands her. If a mother doesn't accept this, she's likely to fall into any one of a number of traps under the strain.

For example, many make the mistake of becoming martyrs. "Poor, old long-suffering me," they go round saying (or behaving).

Unfortunately, martyrs arouse more scorn than sympathy. Worse, martyrdom backfires. "Really," I sighed one day, "with all I have to do I think SOMEONE would lift a finger to help."

"You have only yourself to blame," the answer shot back. "If you'd only trained us right and expected us to help from the start, we'd be in the habit. Now it's too late."

Another maternal trap is the firm, tight-lipped "nobody's-going-to-push-me-around" refuge. "You get right out there and do the dishes or no allowance this week" is the general line.

This tough attitude works once or twice, and even seems to imply that strength and authority have returned to the home. But few mothers have the energy to keep up this stance. Eventually, everybody in the house hates you, including yourself.

Obviously, neither of these ways is any way for a mother to feel cherished. My own feeling is that the only solution is to keep cheerful at all costs, at all times.

You think I'm crazy? You think it can't be done?

Well, think again. We all have the proper qualifications, as we prove whenever we're on public display.

Don't we say, "Oh, think nothing of it," as a daughter is brought home from the ski trip with those brand-new stretch pants ripped (the ones we sacrificed a permanent for)? "We don't mind, we got them at a sale, anyway."

Just keep on laughing

Yes, any mother can laugh in public. The trick is to keep on laughing at home in private.

It isn't enough to vow grimly, "Nothing, absolutely nothing short of life or death around this house is going to shake me." You have to convince yourself that nothing is going to make the slightest bit of difference, anyway.

This isn't too difficult — just look at all the energy you wasted over the years.

For instance, when our daughter was nine, we used to have a scene every morning trying to get her to comb her hair. Now that she's 17 we have to drag her away from the mirror and push her out the door. "Oh, but I can't go out like this!" she cries, "My hair didn't turn out right this morning!"

When she goes out on a date, I watch the young man who calls for her usher her into the car with a true gentleman's courtesy. Then I think of all the years his mother spent nagging him about his manners.

If most of the great issues that make a witch out of a mother solve themselves eventually, why not renounce witchhood?

Consider the long-term effect of our constant criticism of our children — "Your slip is showing . . . What is making your face break out today? . . . If you eat cake all day how can you expect to lose weight?"

Three years from now none of this harping will matter. And at this point it's bad for you — the rejoinders to the remarks will only make you feel miserable.

So try saying instead, "That dress looks nice on you," or "Aren't you getting a little thinner?" Approval is a better stimulant to improvement than disapproval.

Besides, when the kids actually listen, what could make a mother feel more accepted and loved?

You'll feel better if you give up on other things, too, such as the number of outside activities a teenager takes on.

Our daughter would have to be triplets to accomplish everything she signs up for.

And though the mother in me cries out for her health, the truth is that there are so few things left to justify my protection that I cling to this heath bit as if it were Custer's Last Stand.

Nonsense! The average teenage girl is made of iron, and the only activities that are too strenuous for her are flicking a dustcloth, washing a dish, or cleaning up her room.

It's no use fighting

So, don't fight the outside activities — join 'em. As you dig up false eyelashes for the school play, chauffeur your youngsters to and from rehearsals, or to and from driving lessons, you'll find unexpected opportunities to talk to them without conflict.

I not only discovered something to talk about with my teenager, I even won her respect.

When she received first prize in a recent dramatic contest, someone asked her where she got her talent.

"From my mother," she replied graciously. "If you think I'm good, you should see her emote around the house."

Another thing — talk to other parents. One of the main drains on a mother's ego is the horrible thought that other parents are succeeding where she has failed.

I used to feel depressed for a week after listening to some confident disciplinarian who said, "I'll tell you one thing, Debbie makes her bed before she goes out or she's grounded for the weekend!"

But now, I face the fact that this mother is stretching the truth. Break her down. Tell her, "Of all the girls that come to our house, Debbie is the most cheery and polite. We love having her."

Immediately, Debbie's mother gets such a lift, she's able to confess, "I'm glad you told me. For the past three weeks, she's been talking to us only in grunts." And this opens the floodgates for more mutually comforting confessions.

During such sessions you may, if you're lucky, even pick up such gems as, "My daughter says the food at your house is fabulous," or "Mary said to me this morning, 'Why can't you be more like Mrs. Van Ark? She never gets mad'."

I can go six months on a remark like that!

Finally, if all else fails and you still feel rejected, unloved, and unwanted, remember that the next stage is your daughter's marriage.

In a couple of years, somebody else will be having to put up with her. And when that happens, you'll be sitting there in the front row at the wedding, crying your eyes out to see her go.

Pre-natal advice

● **Any mother-to-be expecting her first baby will find invaluable information in a free leaflet on "Pre-Natal Essentials," which is available to readers through our Mothercraft Service.**

THIS leaflet gives a comprehensive outline of the essentials for a healthy and happy pregnancy, and includes suggestions on diet, exercise, rest, etc.

It is available by writing to The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Leaflet Service, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Readers are reminded that though the leaflets are free they cannot be forwarded unless a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed with the reader's request.

CHILD OFF HIS FOOD?

Try this for overnight recovery

10-year-old Tony S. had lost his appetite. "He just picked at his food," said his mother. Tony's Auntie suggested that temporary constipation might be the problem, and Tony was given two chocolate Laxettes at bedtime. Next day, his appetite was back. His constipation was relieved. Laxettes are the safest and surest children's laxative known. They work gently while the child sleeps. Easy to take — no taste but the chocolate! Only 3/3 in the air-sealed pack. "When Nature forgets, remember Laxettes."

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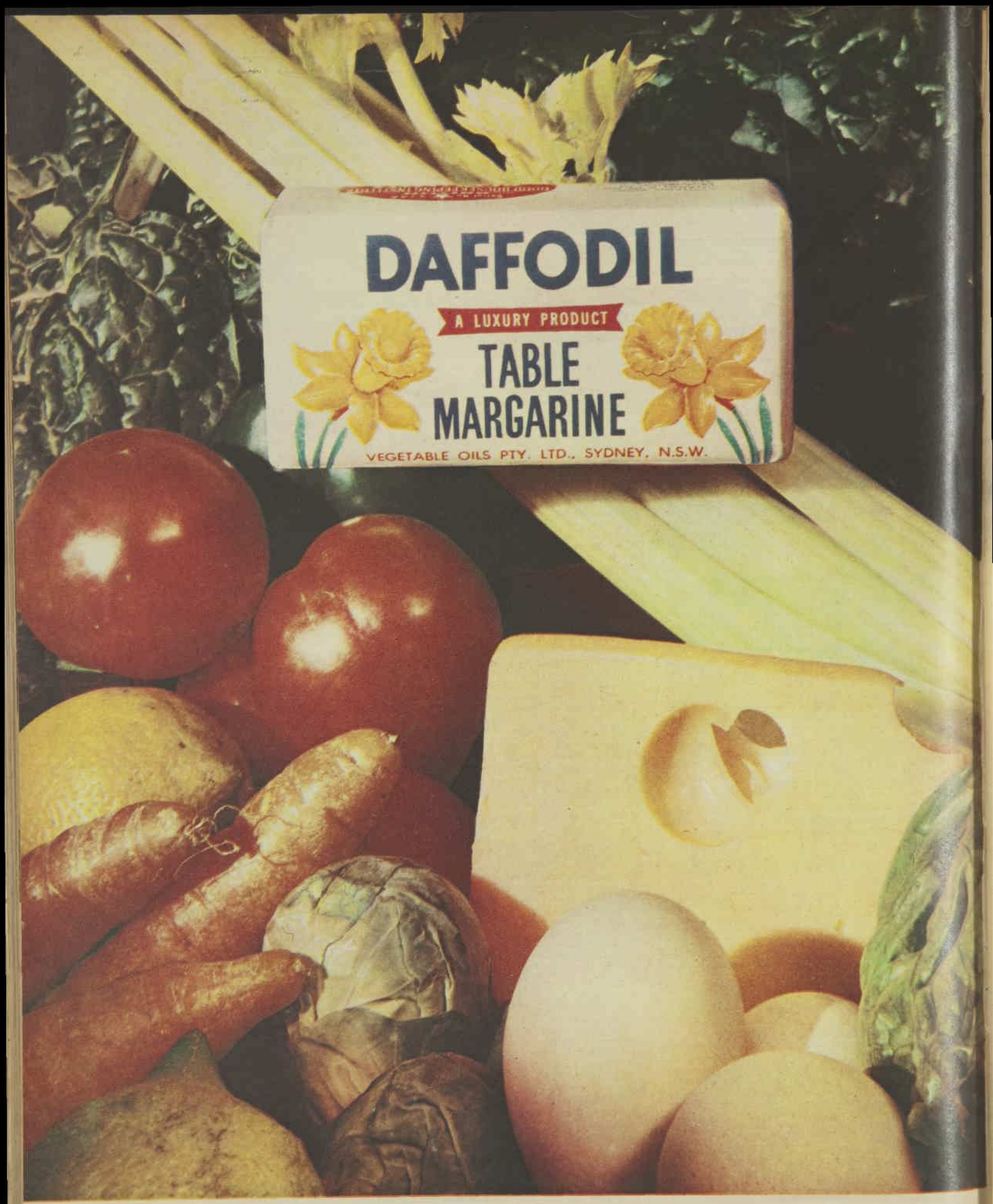

"One of Australia's Great Natural Foods"

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AT HOME *with Margaret Sydney*

● Usually I stop myself reading more than one book at a time. At present I'm reading two, and I recommend them both, though not NECESSARILY to be taken together as I am taking them.

RECOMMENDING a book that you haven't finished reading yourself is probably just about as silly as trying out a brand-new recipe on guests at a dinner party, but I have a feeling that neither of these volumes is going to let me down.

The first of them is "The Child's World," by Phyllis Hostler, which is intended primarily for the parents of young children, but there are excellent sections on adolescence as well.

Anyway, the book is written from such a common-sense-first-principles standpoint that there's something in it for everyone who is interested in a fair deal for the young.

The book is delightfully free of scientific or pseudo-scientific jargon and of those impossible pronouncements on the proper handling of children which so infuriate busy parents because they fail to take into account that a household consists of more than a mother and a father and a young child.

In addition, there's the washing-machine and the stove and the older children and school committees and grandmothers and tradesmen and friends — all with claims of their own.

Phyllis Hostler is writing for human beings, not for saints. In effect, she says, "Here is the child, this is what he's like, these are his needs, here are some of the ways in which you can meet them, with satisfaction to all parties."

Some sound words on safety and punishment . . .

ON the subject of safety she says, "We should teach a child to do dangerous things safely, rather than forbid him to do them, and so hedge him about with temptations.

"A three-year-old child can be taught to light the fire, to cut with a sharp knife as he can be taught to use a spoon — and with no more danger.

"He can learn to strike the match away from him, to see where his fingers are when he cuts, and so on, and to carry out these tasks perfectly competently."

What she has to say on the subject of punishment is something that most people would agree to be true, but which we tend to forget in the daily battle.

"Children are more frequently punished because the parent is outraged," she says, "and it is, in fact, not the child who needs to be punished, but the adult who NEEDS TO PUNISH . . .

"There is a sharp slap, a burst of tears from the child, and sudden overwhelming victory for the mother . . . but let us admit that it is the mother who is satisfied.

"The benefit to the child is far more doubtful . . . he may be more wary in future, more ready to give in and less bold to provoke while he is little. But are these, in fact, the things we want to teach?"

She makes the point, too, that it's much better to say to a child, "That was a naughty thing to do" than to say, "You're a naughty boy."

It may seem a small distinction to an adult, but to a child it's a very large one. The first remark makes him aware that we disapprove of cruelty and greed or whatever the crime of the moment is; the second makes him think that we disapprove of him and that's an insupportable thought for every approval-hungry child.

The time to strike a blow is when the temper is hot

THIS reminds me of one of my favorite quotations from Bernard Shaw. He said, "If you strike a child, take care that you strike it in anger, even at the risk of maiming it for life. A blow in cold blood neither can nor should be forgiven."

Presumably his tongue was in his cheek to some extent, as usual, but he had a point.

I agree with Phyllis Hostler that slapping a child achieves nothing except relief to the slapper's feelings, but I agree with Shaw, too, that the only possible excuse is that you've suddenly seen red and can't help yourself.

Punishment of the "you wait until I get you home" variety can produce only cold hatred in the child.

No parent can read a book about handling children without shuddering a bit over past mistakes and misunderstandings — one of the bits that made me wince and duck for cover was, "The child who is always answering back is the child who is always being answered back."

Don't lose heart — George survived

WHEN I get tired of the principles of child-rearing, I turn to my other book, "George," by Emlyn Williams.

"George" is an autobiography of the playwright, actor, and reader-aloud of Dickens and Dylan Thomas, covering his years from four to 21.

This is a long, slow, fascinating meander through a Welsh childhood of a boy of exceptional imagination and told with a wonderful understanding of the happiness and loneliness, gaiety and discontent that make a childhood.

His was no textbook background. His father and his mother were very often at odds; his father drank too much and his mother was quite unable to offer any explanation when he asked how a child could be born without a father, having found a sentence in "David Copperfield" which read: "My father's eyes had closed upon the light of this world six months when mine opened on it."

It's comforting to know that George turned out so well, despite parental mistakes!

Several readers have asked about "Birds As Individuals" which I mentioned some months ago. The book is by Len Howard, published in Fontana Paperbacks in 1955.

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VEGETABLE shortcake layers are sandwiched together with tuna, salmon, or crabmeat and topped with a savory sauce.

Fish dish wins

● A vegetable shortcake filled with seafood to serve at a luncheon or supper party wins this week's £5 prize for a Queensland reader.

A 73-YEAR-OLD bachelor, also from Queensland, wins a consolation prize of £1 for his Oat Pumpkin Cake recipe. He concocted it when he ran out of flour recently.

All spoon measurements are level.

FISH AND VEGETABLE SHORTCAKE

Three cups self-raising flour, ¾ teaspoon salt, 4oz. butter or substitute, approx. ¾ cup milk, ½ cup cooked carrots (sliced thinly), ½ cup cooked peas, ½ cup cooked green string beans, ¼ cup melted butter, 1 large can salmon, tuna, or crab.

Sift flour and salt into basin, rub in butter or substitute. Add the cooked vegetables and stir lightly until evenly mixed. Add enough milk to mix — just so that all flour is dampened. Turn dough on to floured board, knead lightly. Divide into two equal parts. Pat out into two rounds large enough to fit into an 8in. sandwich-tin. Grease well and place in first layer, brush over with melted butter. Add second layer and then bake in hot oven 20 to 25 minutes. Separate layers and fill with fish. Join together again and top with remaining fish and Savory Sauce.

Savory Sauce: **One tablespoon butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons flour, 2 cups milk, salt, pepper, 1 cup mushrooms (which have been sauteed in a little butter).**

Melt butter in saucepan, add flour, and stir until smooth. Gradually add cold milk and cook, stirring constantly until smooth and thick. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Add mushrooms, reheat if necessary.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. C. Boorman, Taylor Ave., Caloundra, Qld.

OAT PUMPKIN CAKE

Half pound pumpkin, ½lb. sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 6oz. butter or substitute, 1 tablespoon treacle, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 3 eggs, 12oz. rolled oats, 2 tablespoons baking-powder, ½lb. mixed fruit, if desired.

Prepare and cook pumpkin in the usual way. Combine sugar, salt, and nutmeg in saucepan and add butter or substitute cut in small pieces. Place over low heat until butter or substitute melts. Add strained mashed pumpkin, treacle, and vanilla essence. Stir until well mixed. Add beaten eggs and mix well. Add rolled oats, baking-powder, and fruit. Mix well. Fill into well-greased and lined loaf-tin, and bake in a slow oven for 1½ to 2 hours.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mr. H. Read, 39 Hoffmann Street, Roma, Qld.

Dip each piece in doubly-rich Nestlé's* IDEAL EVAPORATED MILK. (*Thin milk just won't do.*)

Roll with Kellogg's* CORN FLAKE CRUMBS or crushed Kellogg's Corn Flakes, seasoned to taste.

Bake on exclusive non-stick †"Quilted" Comalco ALFOIL to golden crispness. *Baking Chart* below.

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No shortening. No frying. No turning! Try the new no-fuss CORN-CRISPED way to prepare cutlets, sausages, chicken pieces or fish. Simply dip pieces in doubly-rich Nestlé's IDEAL MILK, and cover them liberally with Kellogg's CORN FLAKE CRUMBS or crushed Kellogg's Corn Flakes. Then bake on a sheet of exclusive non-stick "Quilted" Comalco ALFOIL. Tasty, golden CORN-CRISPED COOKING is light, never fatty, sizzlingly delicious. Give your family a treat tonight.

CHICKEN MARYLAND

1 roasting chicken, Nestlé's Ideal Milk, Kellogg's Cornflake Crumbs, Salt Pepper, Bananas sliced down centre, Pineapple slices, Comalco Alfoil. Remove skin and cut chicken into serving portions. Dip chicken and slices of pineapple and banana into Nestlé's Ideal Milk. Roll in seasoned Kellogg's Cornflake Crumbs. Place on Alfoil. Bake 1 hour in moderate oven. Serve with stuffed tomatoes.

BAKING TIMES (use moderate oven)	
Fish	20 mins.
Chicken Pieces	1 hour
Cutlets	45 mins.
Chops	45 mins.
Parboiled Potatoes	1 hour
Skinless Sausages	40 mins.

CORN-CRISPED COOKING – CRUMBS – IT'S SCRUMPTIOUS!

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HOME HINTS

● Each of these home hints from readers wins £1/1/-

Instead of glazing the crust of an apple pie with egg-white, paint it with some of the juice of the stewed apple. This gives a nice glaze and saves an egg. — Mrs. H. Martin, Bandon Grove, via Dungog, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

To mark identifying initials on wooden garden tool handles, brush nail polish on in the letter shapes and set the polish alight before it dries. — Mrs. C. Sloan, 11 Down St., Scarness, Qld.

★ ★ ★

To give a subtle difference to grilled steak, use ground ginger in place of pepper. I put ground ginger in a pepper-shaker and place it on the table with the salt-shaker. —Mrs. E. Durman, 4 Stanton St., Edwardstown, S.A.

★ ★ ★

If soup is too thin, add about 2 tablespoons of rolled oats and cook 15 minutes longer. The soup will have a rich consistency and flavor. —Mrs. M. Redgrove, 30 Melbee St., Rutherford, Maitland, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

A nail-white pencil is excellent, used instead of tailor's chalk, to mark through perforation holes on a paper pattern when cutting out dark material. — Mrs. T. J. Lockman, 26 Bronte St., Perth, W.A.

★ ★ ★

Sprinkle a leg of lamb or mutton with a little sugar and flour before roasting; also put a teaspoon of sugar in the baking-dish. This gives a delicious flavor to the meat and makes the gravy browner. — Mrs. Estelle McRae, 5 Essex St., Prahran, Vic.

★ ★ ★

Clean plastic ribbon lampshades easily and thoroughly by taking them outdoors and washing down with the garden hose. Leave outdoors to dry. — Mrs. B. J. Watson, 12 Olympic St., Bundoora, Vic.

★ ★ ★

Cut a piece of muslin approximately 8in. square. Peel and core a piece of apple and tie it securely into the muslin. This can be safely sucked by baby with no fear of a piece breaking off and choking him.—Mrs. J. McEvoy, 1 Annandale St., Kew, Vic.

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COLLECTORS' CORNER

● *Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, our antique expert, gives some interesting information about three readers' pieces.*

● *Porcelain vase*

I have two pieces which I would like identified, please. The first is a white porcelain vase which is highly glazed and decorated with daffodils under the glaze and a hand-painted spray of flowers over the glaze. It has the initials J.P. stamped into the base. The other one is a biscuit barrel which has no markings that I can see.—Mrs. E. R. Blatchford, Speers Point, N.S.W.

The vase (left) is Paris porcelain. The impressed initials J.P. indicate that the vase was made at the Jacob Petit porcelain works about 1850-55. In 1790, Jacob Petit established a hard paste porcelain factory at Belleville (now Fontainebleau). The factory continued with great success until about the 1880s.

In England in the year 1853, Petit patented some improvements in porcelain. These consisted of raised surfaces which were painted. Your biscuit barrel (right) is an example of "Mary Gregory" glass. It was made about 1880-90.

● *Attractive biscuit barrel is decorated with figures in pastel colors with gilt trim.*

Could you tell me the age of this urn, please? It is a rich brown-colored metal with a high polish. The base, top, and handles are of a different metal. The inside appears to be pewter and the outside baked enamel. It is 22in. high and has "Wm. Wilson, Manchester, Warranted," printed inside the lid.—E. C. Smith, Cairns, North Qld.

This attractive urn (below) is made of copper. It is a fine mid-Victorian example of the coppersmith's craft. The surface has been treated and it has acquired a rich brown patina. The interior is tinned, and it appears to have its original billet of iron which is used for heating purposes. It was made about 1850-60.

● *Copper urn*

I would be interested to know the age of a teaset that was sent from Scotland some years ago. It is fine white china with gold edging and a lovely hand-painted pheasant on each cup. It has 1174 on it.—Mrs. W. B. Locke, Bruce Rock, W.A.

This set sounds particularly interesting. It is English Davenport and was made about 1825. John Davenport, a potter, first produced porcelain at Longport in 1793. The factory ceased production about 1887. It is probably hand-painted, although Davenports also used transfers which were subsequently hand-colored.

IRON-ON TRANSFER

CORNFLOWERS in blue and green are from Iron-on Transfer No. 201. Order from Needlework Dept., Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Price of transfer is 2/-.

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£2250 contest closing soon

● Any mother with a baby under 18 months has the chance to win £1100 and a luxury holiday to Sydney simply by numbering the 12 questions in the entry coupon at right and by completing one short sentence.

THESE are the prizes awaiting the national winner in our £2250 "Happy Mother and Baby" contest, which closes with the last mail on August 26.

This means there's less than two weeks left in which to enter, so now's the time for you to mail your coupon.

Thousands of entries have already poured in from all parts of Australia for the contest, which is being conducted by The Australian Women's Weekly in conjunction with the H. J. Heinz Co. Pty. Ltd.

All mothers in Australia with babies up to 18 months are eligible to enter, and it does not matter whether the mother or baby was born here or overseas.

The contest aims at finding a mother and child with a happy, well-adjusted relationship.

The mother and baby who are judged first in all Australia will receive £1000, comprising £500 cash payable to mother and £500 to be paid into a Trust account to be opened with a savings bank with the mother and bank manager as Trustees and to mature when the child reaches 14.

In addition they will receive the prize which goes to all State winners — £100 to each successful mother-and-baby team (£50 cash and £50 in a savings account in the mother's name), plus a three-day luxury trip to Sydney, with all expenses paid, for the final judging.

The ten finalists in each State (A.C.T. will be treated as part of N.S.W.) will receive prizes of six months' supplies of Heinz Baby Food, and ALL entrants in the contest who are not already members of the Heinz Baby Club will receive a gift pack and all the club benefits.

How to enter

Our new "Happy Mother and Baby" contest has been designed to make it easy for every mother with a baby under 18 months on August 26, 1963, to enter.

She simply has to number in order of importance (according to her personal views) the 12 statements printed on the entry form and complete the sentence: "My child and I are happy because . . ." (in not more than 10 additional words).

There is no entrance fee. Entry forms printed in The Australian Women's Weekly or those distributed in grocers' shops throughout Australia can be used.

PLEASE DO NOT SEND ANY PHOTOGRAPHS.

It does not matter if either the entrant or her baby was not born in Australia.

Entries must be sent to "Happy Mother and Baby," Box 57, P.O., Dandenong, Victoria, by the last mail delivered on August 26.

Judges will select the finalists in each State on the basis of the placing of the 12 factors and on the completion of the unfinished sentence.

State finalists will then be judged in person in Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, Brisbane, Perth, and Hobart by panels of two leading child-care specialists and a prominent member of the mothercraft nursing profession.

The winning mother and baby in each State will be flown to Sydney on September 24 for a free three-day holiday, during which the national winning pair will be chosen.

National judges will be two well-known Sydney doctors, both senior child-care specialists, and a triple-certificated nursing sister considerably experienced in infant welfare.

All State winners will be present at a National Baby Day to be held in Sydney on September 26, and the national winners will be announced later in The Australian Women's Weekly.

HEINZ-AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

£2250 "HAPPY MOTHER AND BABY" CONTEST

1. **WHAT TO DO.** On the official entry form indicate, in your opinion, in order of importance, the 12 characteristics of a Happy Mother and Baby relationship (use numbers 1 to 12 in order of importance). Next, complete in not more than 10 words the sentence "My child and I are happy because ...." Only one entry per person is allowed and the entry must be on the official form.
2. **CLOSING DATE.** Contest closes on delivery of the last mail 26th August, 1963. Entries received after that date will not be considered and no responsibility will be accepted for entries delayed, damaged, or lost in transit.
3. **WHO CAN ENTER.** This contest is open to all Mothers in Australia of a child under the age of 18 months on 26th August, 1963. Employees and their families of H. J. Heinz Co. Pty. Ltd., its advertising agents, and Australian Consolidated Press Ltd. are ineligible.
4. **JUDGING AND PRIZES.** All entries will be considered. The State finalists will be determined by a panel of judges, judging being based firstly on the placing of the 12 characteristics of a happy mother/child relationship in the order selected by a panel of expert Child Care Specialists. If there are more than 10 correct State entries, State finalists will be judged on their completion of the unfinished sentence*. Decision of the judges is final and no correspondence relating to this contest will be entered into.
5. **NOTIFYING WINNERS.** All winners will be notified by mail.

YOUR FREE ENTRY FORM

Read the rules carefully — then number the 12 characteristics of a happy mother/baby relationship in the order which you consider most important. (You must place a number in each square.) Then, in no more than 10 words, complete the sentence below*.

- ☐ **Father in regular job with no serious money worries.**
- ☐ **Mother who is reasonably calm, consistent and loving in caring for her child.**
- ☐ **Child who is healthy, enterprising, but manageable and responsive.**
- ☐ **Good family health.**
- ☐ **Secure and happy marriage.**
- ☐ **Grandparents or other relatives who help without interfering.**
- ☐ **Child wanted and loved by both parents.**
- ☐ **Adequate unshared accommodation.**
- ☐ **Father interested in helping with child and care of home.**
- ☐ **Parents with a sense of responsibility to their fellow men.**
- ☐ **Access to regular expert advice on health and child care.**
- ☐ **Mother who has good average knowledge of nutrition, hygiene, child development and behaviour.**

*My child and I are happy because .....
(Completed in not more than 10 additional words)
.....

NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
..... STATE .....
BABY'S NAME ..... BABY'S DATE OF BIRTH .....

Mail your Entry to
"HAPPY MOTHER AND BABY," BOX 57, P.O., DANDENONG, VICTORIA.

CONTEST CLOSES WITH LAST MAIL, AUGUST 26, 1963

The cleanest clean under the sun is FAB clean

NOTHING BEATS FABULOUS FAB SUDS at getting really dirty washing really clean . . . **because only Fab contains Actergent.** And Fab with Actergent makes fabulous Fab suds that work harder . . . last longer.

No hard rubbing . . . no hard scrubbing . . . even children's grubby playclothes come sparkling clean with Fab. Fab does all the hard work. Buy fabulous Fab, and prove it yourself.

THE CLEANEST CLEAN UNDER THE SUN IS FAB CLEAN

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BE YOUR OWN HANDYMAN

TRANSFORM A DINING CHAIR

● A practical and effective way to renovate a shabby dining chair is to give it a mock upholstered look with padded covers.

THE seat and back covers are made separately, joined with press-studs where they overlap on the back legs.

The diagram below shows how to measure chair for the cover.

You'll need enough fabric to cover seat, both sides of chair back, plus strips for seat front, sides, and back.

THE SEAT and back covers are made separately, joined with press-studs where they overlap at the back.

The best type of material to use is a closely woven heavy cotton or woollen fabric. Light cottons should be lined with stiffened interlining or preshrunk calico.

If using a striped fabric as photographed, match stripes where front strip is joined to seat. Side strips are not matched.

One of the first jobs is to pad the seat and back of chair with glued-on sheets of plastic foam. Leave everything to dry thoroughly.

If the chair has a curved back, cut a paper pattern for the cover when plastic foam padding is in place. To get the exact shape, pin paper over padding, bending it round chair outline. Remove paper and cut round the impression. Hold paper, once cut, against chair for a final check.

Cut a pattern

On a straight-backed chair it's still advisable to cut a paper pattern for each section to ensure a perfect fit.

Pin paper patterns on to fabric and cut out, allowing ¾in. all round for seams.

The side-seat strips should be cut about 2in. longer than seat section to make a fastening point where they overlap chair back.

Begin sewing by joining front strip to side seat strips on the wrong side. Iron seams flat, then machine on to edges of seat section. Machine a small hem on seat where it meets chair back.

Working with right sides of fabric facing, assemble back section by machining the two side strips in position and turning a tiny hem at bottom of both back pieces where they meet the chair seat.

Sew tapes on cover to tie under the chair seat, so cover will be secure in the front.

Pull back cover over chair and sew press-studs on overlapping strips at the back legs.

NEXT WEEK: Small Remodelling Jobs

SKETCH at right shows how to measure chair for seat covers.

Our Home Plans Service

HUNDREDS of home plans are available to readers at our architect-directed Home Planning Centres. All these plans can be modified to suit individual needs.

- Full plans and specifications from £10/10/-.
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Phone or call at your local Centre at—

Sydney: Anthony Horderns (Box 7052, G.P.O.), B0951, ext. 220.

Melbourne: R.V.I.A. Small Homes Service, Age Building, 233 Collins St. (63-0341, ext. 322). Mailing address, P.O. Box No. 185C.

Hobart: FitzGeralds (27221).

Adelaide: 47 South Terrace (51-1798).

Brisbane: McWhirters (50121).

Toowoomba: Pigotts (2-1733).

Perth: Western Building Centre, 10 Milligan St. (21-4788).

Or fill in coupon below and post it to your nearest Home Planning Centre.

Please make all cheques payable to "Women's Weekly Home Plans Service." Cut this out, fill in details, and mail in envelope addressed to our Centre in your State.

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NATIONAL BAKING QUEST PRIZE

This week's progress prize in the National Baking Quest is awarded to Mrs. W. F. Montgomery, 4 Munday St., Torquay, Vic.

TORQUAY BISCUITS

Four ounces each margarine, plain flour, castor sugar, ground almonds, and finely chopped walnuts, 1 dessertspoon custard powder, one egg-yolk.

Sift flour with custard powder, rub in margarine until mixture is crumbly; add other ingredients, then mix in egg-yolk. Roll mixture with damp hands into small balls. Place on greased baking-tray, flatten lightly with fork. Bake in moderate oven approximately 10 minutes. Cool on cake-rack.

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THE MAGAZINE OF BRIGHTER READING 1/6

Everybody's

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Do you know how many VEGETABLES now come to you in

CANS

Science keeps taking the season out of the calendar. Every year it develops new and better ways of preserving. So that every year there are more garden-fresh vegetables available in cans. Today, you virtually have an all-year kitchen garden in your pantry — you can pick almost any vegetable you feel like right from your cupboard shelves! Canned vegetables save you trouble. They're easy to buy, easy to keep, easy to prepare and serve. And so much easier to have than growing them yourself!

YOU CAN TRUST THE CONTENTS OF A CAN
. . . because nothing seals like steel

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Cabbage • Carrots • Beetroot
Gherkins • Cucumber • Peas
Sweet Corn • Asparagus

BHP Tinplate—product of Australia.

BHP/C341

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Continued from page 25

ABOVE SUSPICION

Pete had supreme faith in his feminine psychology and reckoned that Alice's nerves had had as much as they could take, though to his astonishment she'd never shown the slightest sign of being afraid of anything, or anybody.

He saw that she was just about to fasten the case and went across the room to help her.

"The perfect gentleman," she said. "You should be hitting the high spots instead of totting up figures for hearing-aid manufacturers."

"One must have a cover and besides," he said lightly, looking at the box of fake batteries on the table, "there are certain advantages. You know, I was just wondering why you never took to crime years ago. You've been so clever."

He put the case down by the door, and she smiled at him benignly. "Well, Pete, I often fancied myself as a spy. But nobody ever asked me."

She walked across to the window and looked out into the quiet square below. "I suppose Matthew will be here soon. Then," with a glance at the batteries, "we've got to fill those and then . . . away I go."

"I hope Matthew is safe."

"Of course, he's safe. I made the usual check. He said the flight from Germany was uneventful and the fruit in good order. So it's only a matter of . . . Here he is, Pete," he noticed that her voice rose a little and once more he heard the warning reminder that her nerves were not quite so steady as they had been.

"Will you go and let him in," she said.

"Of course."

Alice watched him go out the door, heard his feet on the stairs, and then she looked out the window again at the group of men down below. She saw the start of the struggle that she knew would end in Matthew and Pete being handcuffed and taken away.

And she knew then how very tired she was and how frightened she had been since the day she had gone to the police and stammered incoherently.

"I suppose you'll think I'm crazy, but I think . . . I think I've found a dope ring or . . . or something."

And now, unbelievably, it was all over . . . Alice went back across the room, picked up the suitcase and snapped it open. She might as well unpack it now . . .

"Oh! no you don't . you're going to need this." The arm that reached out for the case was clothed in navy-blue and it bore three silvery stripes. As she turned round to Bill Reid, Alice thought that there was nothing, nothing in this world so comforting as a really tough London policeman.

"Sergeant Reid," she said, incoherently. "I . . . you . . . you did get them both?"

"Both? Thanks to you, my dear, we've now got the whole gang in six countries — a wonderful tie-up. If ever you get a dark day, Alice Brown, you can comfort yourself with the knowledge that you once acted so fast and with such wisdom, thereafter doing all you were asked to do, that you, you personally, destroyed one of the cleverest drug traffic rings operating."

"And all Pete's money he paid me has gone to Cancer Research." Alice began to laugh, hysterically, and Bill Reid took her arm and walked her to the door.

There he stood, still holding her tightly, while having a last quick look round, "Windows shut, electricity off . . . and now we're off. In case you don't know it, you've had as much as you can take, my dear, and I've got special permission from my 'powers that be' to drive you to the seaside.

"Now don't get me wrong," he said, walking her downstairs, putting the case into the back and tucking her into the front of the car. "You're going to have a holiday with my sister. She's a nice girl, and she runs a nursery school. Nice kids . . . healing little animals."

Alice felt the big handkerchief being pushed into her hands as her laughter gave way to tears, releasing the tension of weeks.

"You needn't go to all this trouble . . ." she stammered, between sobs, "I could go by train."

"You have your cry out and do what the sergeant tells you," Bill said placidly. "In the meantime, for your private information, I've got some leave and I'm taking it now — and I've been looking for a plucky little woman like you for a long time. Of course, all this is very unorthodox but . . .

"You've got another lonely widower on your hands, my girl. I'm a real one!"

"My," said Alice, "wouldn't those bright young things at the office have a shock if they knew my record for the past few months!"

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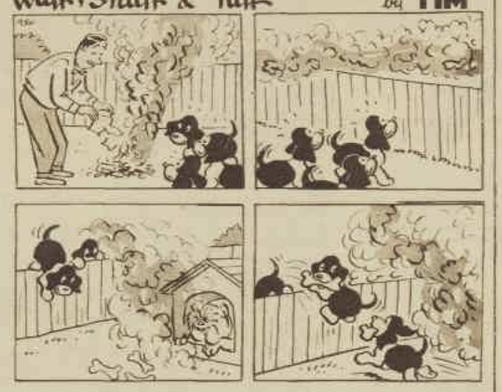
FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff by TIM



Fashion FROCKS

● *Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.*

"Doris"

NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 63. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays and from 9 a.m. to 11.30 a.m. on Saturdays. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

"DORIS." — Smart matron's frock and jacket is available in olive, navy, or red cotton with white spots or white cotton with red, navy, or pale blue spots.

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COFFEE AND CAKES

YOU'LL want to cut out and keep each recipe as a cherished family heirloom—and make each one again and again.

Our Coffee-at-Midnight Cake is richly dark, tender-crumbed; the Mocha Cream Roll alone is enough to establish your reputation as a wonderful cook.

All spoon measurements are level and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure has been used.

Where flour is specified in a recipe, plain flour is intended unless otherwise specified.

● "Come for coffee" will be an eagerly sought invitation when you serve it hot, strong, and fragrant — and offer with it any of these delicious accompaniments.

WONDERFUL Coffee-at-Midnight Cake, Hazelnut Truffles, Chocolate Neenish Tarts, Cherry Chocaroons, Mocha Cream Roll, Chocolate-Cream Delights — to serve with coffee.

COFFEE-AT-MIDNIGHT CAKE

Four ounces dark chocolate, 1 cup milk, 2 cups brown sugar, 3 eggs, 1 dessertspoon instant coffee, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 cups plain flour, 4oz. butter or substitute, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 tablespoon boiling water.

Midnight Frosting: Three tablespoons butter or substitute, 2 cups sugar, ½ cup milk, 2oz. dark chocolate (melted), 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Separate eggs. Beat milk with 1 egg-yolk; chop chocolate, add to milk with 1 cup brown sugar, coffee, and vanilla. Cook, stirring over gentle heat, until thick. Set aside to cool. Cream butter or substitute with remaining sugar, add 2 egg-yolks, beat well. Add sifted flour, then beat in cooled chocolate mixture. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Dissolve bicarbonate of soda in boiling water, stir into mixture. Turn into well-greased 9in. x 5in. loaf-tin, bake in moderate oven approximately 1 hour 10 minutes. Let stand 5-10 minutes in tin before turning on to cake-rack. Cool.

For frosting, melt butter or substitute in saucepan, add sugar and milk; bring to the boil, stirring constantly. Cook over low heat 10 to 12 minutes, gradually blend in the melted chocolate, stirring constantly. Remove from heat, beat until thick enough to spread. Add vanilla. Spread thickly over top of cake; decorate as desired.

LISETTES

Half pound biscuit pastry, apricot jam, 2 egg-whites, 2oz. castor sugar, 2oz. ground almonds, vanilla, icing-sugar.

Roll out the pastry very thinly and line small tart-cases. Put a teaspoonful of apricot jam in the bottom of each. Beat the egg-whites stiffly and fold in the sugar and ground almonds. Flavor with vanilla. Fill into the pastry-cases, dust with icing-sugar, and bake 10 to 15 minutes in a moderate oven.

CHOCOLATE-CREAM DELIGHTS

Chocolate Cases: Six ounces dark sweetened chocolate, 2oz. white vegetable shortening.

Filling: One cup cake-crumbs, 2 tablespoons sherry, ¼ cup finely chopped walnuts, ¼ cup finely chopped glace cherries, 1 tablespoon finely chopped ginger, 1 teaspoon instant coffee, whipped cream, melted chocolate.

For chocolate cases, heat chopped chocolate and vegetable shortening in top of double saucepan until well blended. Spoon into small paper cake containers, spread mixture around containers with the handle of a spoon until a good, even coating is obtained on all sides. Refrigerate until set hard.

Combine cake-crumbs, sherry, walnuts, cherries, ginger, and coffee (use a little more sherry to moisten if necessary). Form into balls to fit cases. Refrigerate until needed. To serve, carefully tear paper from chocolate cases, put a prepared cake ball in each. Pipe whipped cream on top, drizzle a little melted chocolate over the cream, or top with a strawberry.

MOCHA CREAM ROLL

Three eggs, 4 tablespoons sugar, 3 tablespoons cocoa, 1 teaspoon vanilla, ½ teaspoon almond essence, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon instant coffee, extra cocoa.

Cream Filling: Half pint cream, ¼ cup sugar, 2 tablespoons cocoa, ½ teaspoon vanilla.

Separate eggs; beat yolks until light and creamy. Add sugar gradually, beat until mixture is light. Stir in cocoa, vanilla, almond essence, cinnamon, and coffee. Beat egg-whites until they hold a definite point; fold into cocoa mixture very gently. Pour into swiss-roll tin which has been greased and lined with greased paper. Bake in moderate oven 10 minutes or until cake commences to pull away from sides of tin. Turn on to tea-towel, peel off paper and roll, using tea-towel as a pusher. Lift on to cake-rack to cool.

For filling, mix, don't beat, all ingredients together in a bowl; refrigerate for an hour or so to blend flavors, then whip until mixture holds a soft shape. When ready to serve, unroll cake, spread with filling, re-roll. Sift cocoa lightly over top of cake.

CHOCOLATE NEENISH TARTS

Pastry: Four ounces ground almonds, 1½ egg-whites, 2 tablespoons flour, 6 tablespoons icing-sugar, pinch salt.

Filling: Four tablespoons butter, 8oz. icing-sugar, 1oz. melted chocolate, 2 tablespoons rum or sherry.

Icing: Half pound icing-sugar, 1 tablespoon warm water, 1oz. melted chocolate, few drops almond essence.

For pastry, sift together flour and salt. Add ground almonds and sifted icing-sugar. Beat egg-whites a little, add to mixture, form into stiff dough. Roll out thinly, cut into rounds, line small greased patty-tins. Prick well, bake in moderate oven 10 minutes. When quite cold, spoon in filling.

For filling, cream butter well, add sifted icing-sugar, melted chocolate, and rum or sherry; combine well. Spread filling quite level on top of tarts, refrigerate until firm.

For icing, sift icing-sugar, add warm water, just enough to make a firm icing; add essence. Divide icing mixture in half. Spread half of each tart with white icing. Add melted chocolate to remaining mixture, spread over remaining tart halves. Refrigerate until set.

CHERRY CHOCAROONS

Four and a half ounces ground almonds, 7oz. castor sugar, 1 egg-white, 2½oz. dark chocolate (melted), halved glace cherries.

Combine all ingredients except cherries in a basin. Beat well together, then form into small balls. Place on greased, lightly floured baking-sheet. Flatten with the back of a fork, place a cherry half on top of each chocaroon. Bake in moderately slow oven 20 to 30 minutes.

CHOC ALMOND FINGERS

Six ounces ground almonds, 4oz. castor sugar, whites of 2 eggs, vanilla, melted chocolate, chopped toasted almonds.

Combine almonds and sugar, then work in the egg-whites, forming a smooth paste. Flavor with vanilla, then pipe or spoon on to a buttered and floured baking-sheet. Bake in a moderate oven until pale brown. Cool, then spread thickly with the melted chocolate. Decorate with the chopped toasted almonds before serving.

HAZELNUT TRUFFLES

One cup grated hazelnuts, 1 cup sifted icing-sugar, 1 egg-white, 12oz. dark chocolate, ¼ cup cream, chocolate sprinkles.

Mix together hazelnuts and icing-sugar, stir in just enough of the egg-white to make a firm paste, add cream. Melt chocolate in top of double saucepan. Blend into hazel-nut mixture, stirring with wooden spoon. Turn mixture into shallow tin lined with lightly greased waxed paper; put aside in cool place to set. When mixture is firm, cut into squares, then roll into small balls between the hands, roll in chocolate sprinkles.

CHOCOLATE DREAM SPONGE

Four large eggs, 8oz. sugar 1½ tablespoons butter or substitute, 2½ tablespoons cocoa, 4 tablespoons boiling water, 5oz. flour, 3 teaspoons baking-powder, mock cream, cherries.

Beat eggs all together in basin, gradually add sugar. Beat 15 minutes. Mix together butter, cocoa, boiling water, and beat into egg mixture. Fold in sifted flour and baking-powder and fill into two greased 8in. sandwich-tins. Bake in a moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes or until elastic to the touch and cakes shrink slightly from sides of tins. Remove and cool on cake-racks. Join with mock cream and pile remainder on top. Arrange toffee to form cartwheel effect on top of cake and use cherries to support the wedges.

Toffee: One cup sugar, ½ cup water.

Place sugar and water into saucepan, stir over low heat until sugar dissolves. Bring to the boil, simmer until amber in color without stirring. Allow bubbles to settle, pour into an oiled 7in. sandwich-tin. With oiled knife mark out sections while setting. When quite firm carefully turn out and use as directed. If toffee wedges break when turning out, crush finely and sprinkle over top of cake.

Mock Cream: Eight ounces butter, 8oz. sugar, iced water, vanilla.

Beat butter and sugar until very white and fluffy. Carefully cover with iced water, then pour off water and beat thoroughly. Repeat washing and beating process until all sugar is dissolved. Flavor with vanilla.

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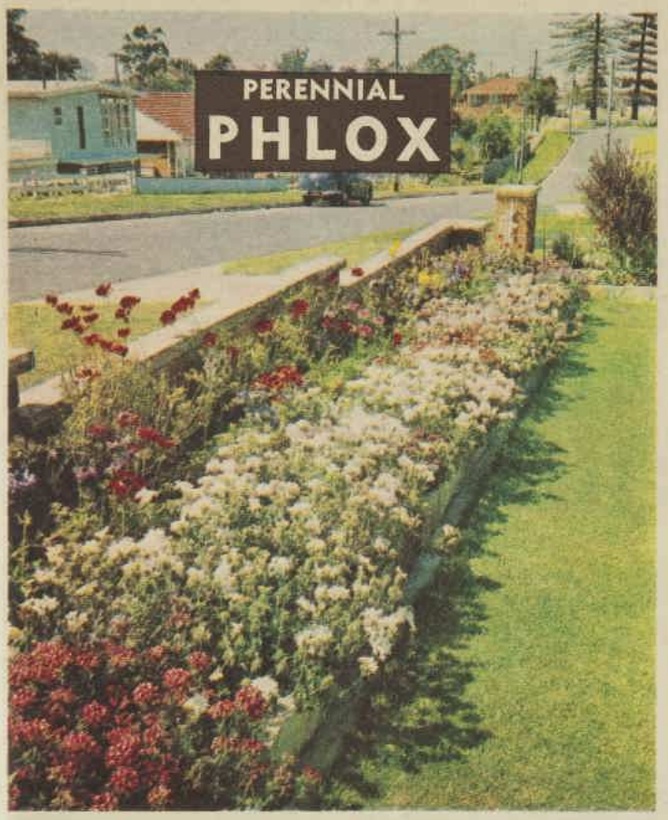

● *At Mr. and Mrs. H. Photios' garden, Beecroft, N.S.W.*

Gardening Book — page 176

● When perennial phlox plants flower it is a sure sign that summer has arrived, for they are sun-worshippers and rarely begin to brighten up the garden until the heat is turned on.

NOW, in winter, is a good time to set out new plants, to lift and divide old ones, or to cut up the roots and set them out in boxes and cover with soil—one of the surest and cheapest methods of propagation.

Many gardeners lift and divide their plants in autumn or early winter, but if care is taken not to break off the eyes or shoots that may have already formed on the roots they can be lifted late in winter and broken up into handy little rooted pieces. This applies to all States where the perennial phlox is grown.

Seeds are unreliable as to color, for they cross very readily and one never knows what shades will result.

Given a sunny, well-drained position, phlox flaunt their brilliant colors from early summer to late autumn, and may be seen in many shades. Nearly all are fragrant.

Plants should be set out 12in. to 15in. apart, as they become clumpy. Snip out the centre of the plants in spring when about 6in. to 8in. high and this will keep the flowering stems down to a level height of 12in. to 18in. Some of the newer varieties, if left unchecked, will grow to 3ft. or 4ft.

Select from this list:

Aegir (brilliant scarlet red), **Amadis** (mauve pink), **Annie Logan** (mauve, flushed white), **Asia** (deep salmon pink), **Blue Boy** (bluish mauve), **Border Gem** (deep purple), **Cinderella** (pale mulberry pink, red eye), **Daintiness** (delicate self pink), **Dresden China** (shell pink, deeper centre), **Dr. Konigshofer** (bright orange scarlet, dark eye), **Dream** (deep pink, red eye), **Early Beauty** (dwarf, pale salmon pink), **Elizabeth Campbell** (salmon pink, white eye), **Elizabeth Arden** (soft pink with pale ring around red eye), **Evangeline** (rose pink, dark eye), **Evensong** (pale pink, red eye), **Eventide** (lavender blue), **Karl Forster** (brilliant orange red, maroon eye), **Geo. A. Strohlein** (crimson red), **Gaiety** (pink, flushed lilac), **Gruppenkonigen** (satin rose, dark eye), **H. B. May** (satin pink), **Molmuller** (lilac, white eye), **H. Hirth** (clear rosy pink, scarlet eye), **LaRene** (white, flushed lilac), **Latest Red** (red), **Leo Schlagater** (crimson red), **Light of Codsall** (carmine pink, white eye), **Llewellyn** (cerise red), **Lord French** (carmine red), **Lottie Kohler** (white, rose carmine eye), **Marie S. Jacob** (pale lilac, white eye), **Mia Ruys** (pure white), **Michael** (orange scarlet), **Mrs. A. Ellis** (rosy red, crimson eye), **Mrs. A. Van Mauthner** (salmon orange), **Mrs. E. Pritchard** (clear rosy mauve), **Mrs. Hobobken** (soft clear pink), **Mrs. Noorderwier** (rosy salmon, white eye), **Newbird** (rosy crimson, crimson eye), **Paladin** (soft pink), **Pinkette** (very pale pink), **Spitfire** (orange scarlet), **Prince George** (orange scarlet or tyrian red), **Nancy Logan** (soft blue), **Sir John Falstaff** (deep salmon pink), **E. Simon Jeune** (rose pink), **Sunray** (salmon pink), **Splendour** (rose pink, deep eye), **Tigress** (orange salmon), **W. Ketselring** (dark violet, white eye), **W. Veitch** (white, carmine eye), **W. Watson** (pink, dark eye), **Graf Zeppelin** (white with contrasting eye).

Gardening Book — page 177

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

For your baby...
essential vegetables plus
appetising combinations

ALL WITH THE SPECIAL PLUS
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How does your baby prefer vegetables — mixed with meats, eggs, or other nourishing ingredients, or perhaps on their own?

Here are 11 varieties of Heinz Baby Foods containing fresh, tender vegetables, or combining these vegetables with highest quality meats and other ingredients. They meet your baby's special tastes — so good for baby when they're prepared with Heinz own special brand of know-how, quality and care.

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HEINZ BABY FOODS

every meal...every day

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Continued from page 23

WHY DIDN'T YOU MARRY, MISS MASON?

she thought that since she had loved him above all for this thoughtfulness and compassion, it was illogical to resent these qualities when they were directed at someone other than herself.

When she cried herself to sleep, as she often did, and blamed him for his cruelty in not writing to her, she reminded herself that his silence was his sacrifice for her—giving her the freedom he felt was her due.

When, at the end of two years, she had still heard nothing, she was convinced he must be dead. But wherever she went she carried his memory in her heart. And that was why she never married, and over the years stopped being Henrietta and became Miss Mason.

The spring and the autumn were the busiest times in Miss Mason's working life. It was then that the collections were launched and she arrived at her office extra early so as to be able to attend the endless lunches and dinners and cocktail parties, when business put on a thin disguise of social trimmings.

Miss Mason, escorted by Robert Barr, went to an average of ten parties a week. Unlike many of her colleagues, she showed no sign of wear and tear. Her eyes were unshadowed, her make-up as immaculate at the end of the evening as at the beginning, her manner unruffled and charming.

"She's the firm's best ambassador," the managing director said smugly to his competitors. "Can't understand why she's never married. Hope she never does. I don't know what we'd do without her."

No longer did Miss Mason wonder how long, in politeness, she should stay at parties she didn't enjoy. She knew precisely. Neither was she at all put out by smart, brittle, noisy people. She accepted them as a necessary part of her job.

But she was always pleased when Tuesday came round — the evening she dined alone with Robert and could relax and be herself.

ONE Monday during the second week of the spring collections, there were three parties on the same evening. Robert had worked out a perfect formula for such eventualities. At the first party they stayed half an hour exactly. Robert hid Miss Mason's cocktail for her and procured for her a glass of tonic water. He himself had a drink or two for fortitude.

At the second party, they again stayed half an hour and carried their drinks but did not touch them. At the last party they stayed as long as they liked — if they liked.

The third party that evening was different from the usual run. A new designer had made his debut and there were fewer of the old faces and a preponderance of unknown ones. Of all the parties she'd attended, this alone had the air of a real party, with people who were not, for once, talking shop.

She bumped into an old friend who wasn't in the business and chatted to him, while Robert, who'd spotted someone wearing his old school tie, was deep in reminiscences of Rugby football.

A few feet away stood a lovely girl of about nineteen. She was alone, frowning down at her glass, self-conscious and ill at ease. Miss Mason's heart melted at the sight of the forlorn little face. People were such poor hosts nowadays, she thought. Imagine leaving the poor child on her own. She was just about to introduce herself when a man pushed past her.

"Don't run away, at least for half an hour. That's all I ask," he said.

The girl spun round so quickly she almost dropped her drink.

Miss Mason stood transfixed.

The grey eyes were no longer so clear, and netted with lines at the corners. She had been right about one thing, but not in the way she'd expected. The youthfulness had indeed lasted into middle age, but it was incongruous and a little grotesque — the wide, appealing little-boy mouth and the beginning of a double chin which even the practised tilt of his head did not disguise. His figure was almost perfect, but you could just see the first signs . . .

She had a wild impulse to say the lines for the girl. After all, she was word perfect and had repeated them thousands of times in the past eighteen years.

"Can you always read people's thoughts?" the girl was asking, her limpid brown eyes raised to his.

"No, indeed," Louis said. "Only when I care. And you're not people. You have to be very old to be a seer. I suppose," he added whimsically, "that I must seem very old to you, my dear. When one's nudging up to forty . . ."

"Fifty," Miss Mason said under her breath.

"What did you say, Henrietta?" her companion asked.

"Oh, nothing," she replied.

About five minutes later, Louis turned and saw her. There was a moment's look of recognition, then of puzzlement, followed by relief. He whispered something in the girl's ear and walked toward Miss Mason with an outstretched hand.

"Anne!" he exclaimed. "How wonderful to see you. It's made my evening. I felt instinctively that you were here the moment I entered the room. We must get together as soon as possible and have a good old talk about the old days in Johannesburg. I must say, my dear, you look marvellous. You haven't changed a bit."

"My name," said Miss Mason, "isn't Anne and I have never been to Johannesburg in my life. But it's made my evening, too, seeing you, Louis," she added sincerely, "I couldn't be happier. And you haven't changed a bit, either."

She turned her back and walked across the room to where Robert was standing. He was alone now and as she came toward him it was as if she were seeing him for the first time—a broad, handsome man with a pair of steady eyes.

I don't believe, she thought, he's capable of a mean or shabby action. And to think how I've cheated him.

"Hello, Robert," she said lamely.

"Hello, my dear. Ready to leave? Well, I'll take you home."

"Robert," she said, "I don't want to go home. I thought we were going out to dinner."

"But, Henrietta, it's Monday, not Tuesday," he pointed out.

Miss Mason spread her beautifully manicured hands over her face so that he could see only her eyes. She looked down and then she raised her lids and looked up at him.

"I know," she whispered, "but I'd like to have dinner with you tonight, and tomorrow, and the day after that . . ."

Robert stared at her.

"Henrietta, darling," he said in a choked voice. "I do believe you are flirting with me."

She blushed for the first time in eighteen years. She left her hands in a graceful fan across her face and gazed down at the floor.

"I believe I am," she said. "And, oh, Robert, I am enjoying it!"

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LEADING WASHING MACHINE MAKERS

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Continued from page 19

GLASS OF SHERRY

"Hello, darling," she'd said, kissing Edwin's forehead behind the newspaper.

"Sit down, Helene," he had said, and, surprisingly, folded the paper on his lap. "I want to talk to you."

"Of course, darling," she'd said gaily, sitting on the ottoman at his feet. "But don't look so grim!" she laughed, suspecting what he was about: her bill from Bergdorf's again, probably, and Edwin's old amazement that a woman could spend a hundred and seventy-five dollars for a hat or forty dollars for a mere pair of gloves. Of course, he didn't understand, he couldn't appreciate . . .

"I'm going to speak bluntly, Helene," Edwin said. He looked tired, she thought, feeling suddenly uneasy. And he looked as if he was about to say something unpleasant.

"Darling, I know," she said, trying to forestall him. "I'll try, really I will, Edwin . . ."

"You say that every time," Edwin said.

"This time I mean it!" Helene said, unnerved. Edwin seemed so different today. Not just mildly, paternally stern the way he always was with her during these discussions, so sweetly reproving.

"No, this time I mean it!" Edwin said sharply. "I've cancelled all your charge accounts . . ."

Shocked, she opened her mouth to speak, but he went on, "You will turn over your chequebook to me," he said. "I will personally see to whatever household bills come due . . ."

"Edwin, I'm sorry," she said. "Really, I am . . ." She reached up for his hand.

"No, you're not sorry," he said, ignoring her gesture. "You only say that now because you think it will mollify me, that I will let you go on spending money recklessly . . ."

"The bill from Bergdorf's . . ."

"The bill from Bergdorf's," he mimicked her, "is not what I am talking about." He drew from his coat pocket a sheaf of envelopes. "This 'Fete' affair you've been championing the past months, I thought it was charity."

"Yes, Edwin, it is," she said. "But as a sponsor—as the Chairman," her voice rose upward, proudly, "there were certain obligations . . ."

"Did you know what those obligations cost?"

"But, Edwin, I did so want the 'Fete' to be a success this year . . ."

"Do you know what those obligations cost?"

"I . . . I may have gone to extremes a little, Edwin, I know, but I wanted to make a good impression, and so many things went wrong, things that only money could fix . . ."

"Do you know what those obligations cost?" Edwin was shouting at her.

"No," she said. "No, I don't."

"Let me tell you," he said, reading from the list.

She sat quietly, listening. "I know, I know . . ." she said once.

"Let me finish!" Edwin said.

She waited for him to finish.

"You spent almost sixty-five thousand dollars on that lovely 'Fete' of yours," he said finally.

"But you don't understand," she said. "The orchestras, the entertainment, the cost of the tableaus and . . . and . . . incidentals . . ." Her protest was feeble, she knew. It was a large sum. She just hadn't realised. And, anyway, Edwin could afford it easily. His brokerage office on Wall Street was among the best known in the country. "It's not that we can't afford it," Helene dared to say in a subdued voice, appealing to him.

"I'm not quibbling about the money now," he said viciously. "That's money spent! Everything's been paid for. A man who can't pay his bills is better off dead!"

She was stung by his answer. "Edwin, I . . ."

"You've been a very foolish woman with money," he said. "And I've indulged you. But no more. I'll teach you a lesson in economics you won't soon forget."

It had started there, the frightening new strangeness of her life. First, the servants — all but Hattie had been let go. There had been other "economies" she had to endure as well, such as closing the top three floors of their town house and living in the cramped six rooms on the first floor.

Edwin had yielded up their Rolls — "her" car, actually, since he seldom used it — preferring to hire a limousine when he needed one. They ceased to entertain

in their own home; and only on rare occasions was she allowed to accompany him on "business" dinners when he entertained important clients in restaurants.

Her name disappeared from the society columns; no longer did her face peer out of photographs taken at the smartest restaurants. She came to dread the telephone's ring. She faced the growing emptiness of her days alone.

One night, a year later, she spoke out.

"Edwin, how long must we go on like this?"

"Until I've decided you've learned your lesson, Helene," he said.

"I've learned," Helene said, begging him. "I've learned!"

"It's far too soon yet," he said. Then, later, "Be patient," he said, almost kindly.

Then once afterward she had asked him, "Edwin, there's nothing wrong, is there?" and embarrassed at his bland response she'd hurried on. "I mean, the firm. Well, everything is all right. You haven't had . . . lost a lot of money?"

Edwin had glared at her. "Don't talk like a fool!" he said angrily.

She had started hating him then, hating his terrible punishment of her, wondering if it could be possible that in advancing age — he would be sixty next year — a man could change as Edwin had changed.

He had always been generous to her. And now he behaved like a miser, guarding his hoard, counting out pennies and poring over paperwork in the evening, working himself like a dog to acquire more

To page 54

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Continued from page 53

GLASS OF SHERRY

and more money and to what purpose: to withhold it from her and thus justify the terrible punishment he was inflicting on her.

Edwin's first heart attack had shocked her and she could still remember her fear that he might die, and faintly the first reticent hope. And, finally, her own acknowledgment of her secret wishing. Then, at last, her carefully wrought planning.

"Edwin," she said, rising to her feet. "Edwin, it's past seven," she said, advancing on him. "Don't you want to eat something?"

The newspaper fell away at her touch.

Edwin Weston's head had slumped forward, betraying the shining bald spot embraced by two grey arms of clipped hair. His hands, spread open before him, still held the newspaper.

He was, she noticed, peacefully and finally dead.

The black suit was new and very becoming — Helene had noticed Kenneth Martin's eyes settle approvingly on her when she entered his office.

"Helene, how nice to see you again." He helped her into a chair. "I'm sorry I missed Ed's funeral. I was out on the coast and only got the news when I came back. You get my note?"

"Yes, I did," Helene said, smoothing back the veil of the new hat. She'd been terribly extravagant yesterday after Ken had called her to make the appointment to settle her late husband's estate. She'd been all over town, a dizzying excursion to all the old places. It had been so wonderful! Everyone had remembered her! Everyone had been so kind! And they had been only too happy to reopen her old charge accounts. "It was very kind of you, Ken," she said.

It wasn't going to be as hard as she had thought to fall back into the old life again. Of course, she wouldn't be doing anything as important as being the "Fete" chairman so soon, it took time and money establishing yourself with the right money. But it could be done. Today had proved that!

"Now," Ken said, clearing his throat. He assumed his lawyer's face behind the legal-looking papers spread out before him. "Helene, I don't know how to tell you this, but Ed left you . . . very little."

She stared back into the anxious eyes, coolly appraising them. "Who . . . were the other . . . beneficiaries of his will?" she said coldly.

"No one," he said. "Just you." Then, after a pause: "You see, Helene, about five years ago Ed had a bit of bad luck. Some deal involving European securities that went sour. He'd borrowed heavily on the strength of his faith in the deal . . . and, well, about lost everything he had. Another man would have gone into bankruptcy; I've known a lot who've done it for less cause.

"But you know the kind of man Ed was, Helene. Proud, and with the kind of personal integrity that just doesn't happen very often these days. He swore he'd pay every debt he owed if everything was kept confidential and he was given time.

"Not many people knew it, of course. That alone would have ruined him and wrecked any chance he might have had of paying his debts and recouping his losses." He looked into her face, then said, "You never knew, did you, Helene?"

"No," she said. "I never knew anything about it."

"You know, it was funny," Ken said. "Ed cut down on so many things. He dropped his club memberships. Stopped smoking — remember those expensive cigars he always smoked? He hadn't had a vacation in five years. The talk on the Street was that Ed had gone tightwad.

"It used to amuse him to hear such gossip. I guess he preferred that — encouraged it, probably — rather than have people know the truth about him. He'd just about paid off all of his old obligations . . ."

Helene winced at the word. "The house is . . ."

"Mortgaged to the hilt. There's not enough left to pay it off even if you wanted to. I'd advise against it, anyway. What do you want with a big place like that now that you're alone? I'd suggest a small apartment in town . . ."

The silence was cloying. Both of them disliked it.

"There's nothing else," Helene said. "That's what you're trying to tell me, isn't it?"

"No," Ken said. "I guess after taxes and everything there'll be about eighteen, twenty thousand or so . . ."

FROM THE BIBLE

● ***"Be careful for nothing; but in every thing by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God."***
—Philippians 4:6.

Helene said nothing.

"It really isn't quite as hopeless as it sounds," he said. "With a careful investment programme, you could live fairly comfortably." He paused, then went on. "It wouldn't be a lot of income, you understand. You'd still have to be careful. Watch expenses . . ."

How much had Edwin said she spent on the "Fete"? Almost sixty-five thousand. Helene felt herself smile. "Thank you, Ken," she said. "You've been very kind." She stood up, careful not to wrinkle the suit. It would have to go back. So would the hat, the twenty-eight-dollar gloves, and the imported Italian black alligator bag she'd picked up on impulse.

She was at the door when he stopped her.

"Helene," he said, "Ed tried awfully hard."

"I know, Ken. You don't have to apologise for him to me."

"The damndest part of it, though, is this," he went on. "Ed was working on some terrific deal in South America. Everything looked like it was going to work out. The last time I saw Ed he looked the happiest I'd seen him look in years. He was almost out of debt and in another couple of months he would have been right back where he'd been. Ed told me it was a pretty fantastic operation. He stood to make millions!"

She said nothing.

"Now everything'll fall through, I guess," Ken said. "Ed was the moving spirit behind the whole thing." Then, after another pause, he added, half to himself, "If only he'd been able to live a while longer, he'd have brought it off. I know it!"

"Yes," Helene said finally. "Isn't it a pity."

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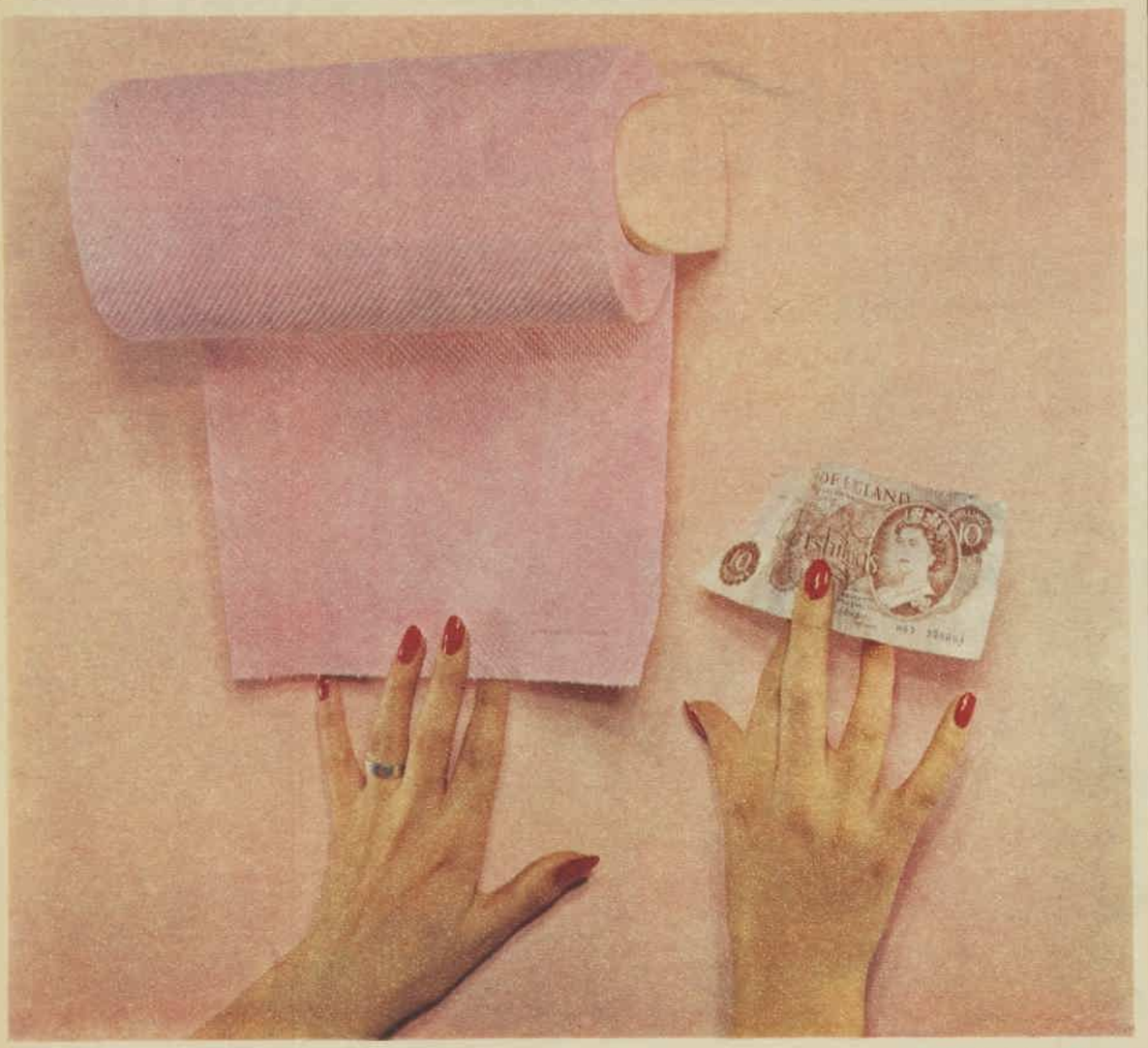

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A SECRET PLACE

Two Twenty-two. It seems two is the kid's lucky number.

"So she knows the room number," Cora said. "But she didn't tell that to the police, did she?"

He shook his head. "I rushed down there as soon as I heard what had happened to Vera, and the kids had run away. They hadn't told those detectives anything at all. I tried to find them, so I could bring them up here."

"But even if she had told the room number, what could they prove?" Cora asked. "Did she give the name of the hotel, too?"

"Knowing the room number would pin it down," he said. "They could check every Room Two Twenty-two in Atlantic City and find out which one was occupied by a woman answering Vera's description. I registered under a phony name, but it's my handwriting, and the clerk could describe me, too. It wouldn't take them long to come knocking at my door."

"I doubt that Sheilah will even remember," Cora said. "She's only ten years old."

"If I had been that smart at ten years old I'd have graduated from Harvard in short pants," he said. "She'll remember."

Cora frowned thoughtfully. "You really think so?"

"When the police find her the first thing they'll get out of her will be the number of that room," he said.

"Then we just have to find her first."

"Not much chance of that."

"I don't know," Cora said. "Maybe there's a pretty fair chance. When I was telephone sitting for Paul this afternoon a telephone call came through from a little friend of Sheilah's named Joanie Perkins. She lives close to Paul's place, so I thought it was odd she'd be calling collect from New York.

"I questioned the operator and got the number the call had come from—it was a coin booth, and all we have to do is check and find out where the booth is. Sheilah must be somewhere nearby."

"You remember the number?"

"I made a note of it."

He moistened his lips and said thickly, "Cora, you're a jewel."

"That's a belated discovery, darling."

He took her in his arms and kissed her, murmured in her ear, "Everything will be different now."

"Oh, I know it will," she said firmly.

He stepped back, holding both her hands, and smiled tenderly. "You say you disposed of that overnight bag, honey? Where it can't be found?"

"It's in a good, safe place. Nobody will ever find it. But it exists, darling. Please remember that—it still exists."

"Cora, don't go getting wild ideas again," he said. "It's just that I've got to keep my name out of this. I couldn't stand the notoriety. It would ruin me."

"I understand, Arthur," she said. "Perfectly."

He started to speak, then turned away. Cora watched him go, hearing the heavy fury of his steps. She smiled as she moved out to the terrace overlooking the river. Far to the south a rosy cloud still hung over the great city. It was a late, dark hour of night, a time when children slept.

She'd find Sheilah, Cora thought with confidence, first thing in the morning . . .

Lucille jumped up from the telephone and cried out, "Paul, listen to this!"

For a long time she had been calling numbers, carrying on crisp, efficient conversation while he paced the floor. Now she moved toward him with shining eyes. "A little girl cashed a two-dollar bill at the cafeteria in the zoo this afternoon about two o'clock."

He asked quickly, "No little boy?"

"Just a little girl, Paul, but she bought two sandwiches and two individual bottles of milk. The cashier remembers that. So it has to be Sheilah and Benjy, and it means they're all right."

"It's midnight now," he said. "That was ten hours ago."

"Well find them, Paul. We know where to look. That gives us a head start."

"Do you have any idea how big Central Park is? The chance of finding them there is about one in a thousand."

"Paul, have faith. We're finally getting somewhere."

He took both her hands. "I'm trying to hope," he said gently. "Lead the way."

"The police at the Twenty-second Precinct in Central Park will know every possible place where two kids could hide." She pulled his hands. "Come on, let's go."

On the way uptown in a taxicab Paul sat in silence. Even for adults the park by night held the perils of a jungle. There had been robberies, assaults, and murders on its winding paths at night. Two little children, all alone. He set his jaw.

The cab let them off at the kerb and they went into the Precinct station. A sergeant was talking on the telephone and a lieutenant was going through some reports. Lucille showed her Press card, but these men knew the name of Paul Starr. The lieutenant showed them a framed map on which the many patrol areas were marked off by varied colors.

While he was explaining to them where it was possible for two children to hide at night, the desk sergeant was saying into a microphone, "KEG seven-three-oh calling all mobile units. Be on the alert for the Starr children, whose descriptions you already have. They may be hiding in the park. They were seen in the area of the zoo at two o'clock this afternoon."

"Some of the men carry radios," the lieutenant explained. "They're alerted now to step up the search. If the kids are still in the park there's a good chance we'll find them."

Paul said, "We used to live on West Seventieth Street some years back. Sheilah knew the playgrounds in that area, and the lake where you rent rowboats."

The lieutenant rapped again with his pencil. "Right around that neighborhood is the Rambles. That's

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MOTHER

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Method: Cream the butter and sugar, add the beaten eggs gradually then flour sifted with Cocoa and salt. Add milk and essence and lastly, chopped nuts. Mix well. Bake in tin (approx. 9" x 9") lined with greased paper, in a moderate oven — 325° or Regulo 4 Gas — 375° Electric, for 1 hour. Decorate with snow frosting. Use 4 ozs. shortening, 12 ozs. icing sugar, 1 egg white, a few drops lemon juice, pinch of cream of tartar. Place the shortening in a basin and beat with an electric mixer until white and creamy. Gradually add the sifted icing sugar and cream of tartar. Beat in the egg whites and lemon juice until light and fluffy. Completely cover the cake and arrange halved walnuts on top.

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A SECRET PLACE

a possibility. There are all kinds of rocky places for kids to hide. I'll have Schneider, the man on that patrol, look around pretty carefully. But at night there wouldn't be much chance of finding anybody in the Rambles. If a kid wanted to stay out of sight it would be easy for him. It would be a scary place at night, though."

"We're dealing with a courageous little girl. I'd like to take a look myself."

"You do that," the lieutenant said. "I'll notify Patrolman Schneider to meet you there."

Patrolman Horace Schneider was waiting for them. He carried clamped to his belt in a black leather case the transistor radio on which he had received instructions to meet them. A man of fifty with greying hair, he had been tramping the park for ten years, he told them as they started off, but still there was always something new to learn about Central Park.

It was one place on Manhattan that had stood almost untouched for a hundred years, he said. The city's skyline went up and down and up again, but the old park didn't change much. These Rambles were as close as you could get to pure nature in the heart of New York City, and maybe too close, because it could be a risky place for the innocent at night.

There were better than 25 acres of it, uphill and downhill, with thickets of forsythia and dogwood and rhododendron and all kinds of trees. All around the leaves rustled and cast shadows.

As he led them along a path above the lake, the radio hooked on his belt made a sound of clearing its throat, then a voice said: "KEG seven-three-oh calling mobile unit thirty-two. Inform Mr. Starr that the search in the zoo area is negative. Same for the area around the pond and the Hecksher Playground. Search is being continued in all sections of the park."

"I'll have a look in the grotto," Schneider said. "You stay here with the young lady, Mr. Starr."

Paul watched the flashlight play over rocks, search out dark recesses, as Schneider covered the area thoroughly. When he returned he said, "They couldn't be in there, Mr. Starr."

Paul raised his head, called suddenly, "Sheilah—Benjy!"

The sound was startlingly loud in the still night and echoed over the lake. Patrolman Schneider broke the uneasy silence that followed. "No harm in trying."

They walked on again. Into the dark areas Schneider flashed his light and occasionally left the path to examine a rock outcrop, returning each time with a shake of his head. "You can see how it is," he said. "It's like two little needles in the hay." He let his hand rest on Paul's shoulder. "Why don't you and the young lady sit down on that bench and take a rest? I'll go on checking the likely places."

Lucille saw Paul's face and squeezed his hand. "Just because they're not here doesn't mean somebody else found them, darling," she said. "This is a tremendous park, you know."

They walked on in silence. The radio voice spoke again: "KEG seven-three-oh calling mobile unit thirty-two. Southern area of the park negative. Search being continued in the area around the Loch."

"That's way uptown," Schneider said. "I don't know, Mr. Starr. When dark came down don't you suppose those kids got out of the park?"

"Maybe I should call my park department man back," Lucille said. "He's still working on it, and maybe Sheilah cashed a two-dollar bill somewhere else. That would help."

"The nearest public telephone booth is at the lake," Schneider said.

They followed the path to the lighted telephone booth. Lucille made her call. "As the word goes here in Central Park, negative," she said. "But they have rolling concessionaires, men who push their carts in certain areas, and they haven't run all of them down yet."

Paul said dejectedly, "It doesn't look good, Lucille."

"Now, don't despair," she said, and touched his shoulder sympathetically. "Sheilah is just too smart for everybody. She's a regular fox."

It made them both think of the laughing fox, of the scarf that had choked the life from Vera, and they moved in silence to a bench overlooking the still lake. Paul sat bent forward in a way that Lucille had come to identify as a symptom of despondency. She said softly, "It's late. They're sleeping somewhere. In the morning she'll call."

"We know they reached the park safely," he said. "But they could have been followed, then, when they were alone and out of anyone's view——"

"Don't think about it, she broke in. "It's only Detective Luther's wild idea."

"Coming in on the plane I was thinking about having them back home in Grandkill," Paul said. "But then I landed and found they were missing — gone." He sighed wearily. "I wonder if Sheilah told Benjy about Vera."

"He's only six," Lucille said. "He'll adjust. Just give him lots of love. You know Sheilah will help. And I'm glad you'll be taking them out of New York. I always feel sorry for kids in New York."

"You don't like New York?"

"Like it?" she said. "I love it! I enjoy newspaper work. It's exciting, but I've had enough of it to know I'd give it up in a second."

"For what?" he asked. "For a guy?"

"For a guy," she said.

"Any special one?"

"Well, that's hard to say."

"Take the advice of an old hand," he said. "If it's hard to say, say no."

"Oh, I'm naturally cautious," she said. "I'm the sort of girl who will have her nugget properly assayed when she finds it. Nothing is pure gold, is it?"

He smiled. "Some day try prospecting out in Rockland County. I can give you a pack mule and a grubstake any weekend." He added seriously, "You will come out and see us in the country, won't you?"

"Ask me," she said.

He turned and looked into her eyes. Then he bent and kissed her lips gently. It was the moment of experiment and question, the first kiss — a tender moment in this long night of strain and fear and worry. For a short moment they were a man and a girl on a park bench, like lovers in any park.

Then, behind them, the law cleared its throat. As Lucille drew quickly away from Paul, Patrolman Schneider said, "Excuse me. I just came down to give you the latest. It's all negative, I'm sorry to say. But I'm not through looking in the Rambles yet. When daylight comes we'll find those two, if they're here, but at night it's pretty hopeless. Mr. Starr, you look tired out. Why

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A SECRET PLACE

don't you go home and get some sleep?"

"He's right, Paul," Lucille said.

He shook his head. "No. I know there's not much I can do, except walk the park until dawn and call their names in dark places, but I want to do that. I couldn't sleep."

"All right," she said. "I'll walk with you."

"You got to be careful in this park at night, lady," Schneider warned.

"Lucille, the officer is right," Paul said. "I'm sending you home." He took her arm and steered her toward the Seventy-second Street entrance. "If there's any news I'll call you."

"Immediately?" she asked. "No matter what the hour?"

"Immediately," he said.

He signalled a cruising cab on Fifth Avenue. She said, "Take care, darling, and call me first thing in the morning."

He watched the cab move away, then walked slowly back to where the policeman was waiting. "I'll walk back up toward the Ramble with you. It will be dawn before too long."

They walked on together. Suddenly Schneider's radio rasped again and spoke in a crisp and ominous tone: "All units please listen. If Mr. Starr is with you, hold him. He's wanted by the Homicide Squad. Hold him and call in."

Patrolman Schneider's eyes were policeman's eyes again as he said, "You heard it, Mr. Starr."

"Yes, I heard it," Paul said wearily. "I had it out with the Homicide Squad earlier tonight."

They approached the public booth from which Lucille had made her call earlier and Paul asked, "Do you mind if I make a telephone call? I want to find out what this is all about."

SCHNEIDER hesitated, then nodded.

Paul dialled the number Detective Luther had given him.

Frank Luther came on. "Mr. Starr? Where are you?"

"I'm in Central Park and I've been collared by a policeman," Paul said with resignation. "What is it this time?"

"Haven't you seen a newspaper?" the detective asked.

"No, not lately."

"Let me read you a headline," Frank said, "'Husband Had Murder Scarf.' How about that?"

Paul's heart sank. "What newspaper is it?"

"The 'Record-Star.' An exclusive story," Frank said. "They say that scarf with the laughing fox belonged to Sheilah and they say it was in your house in the country as late as last Friday. They say Sheilah left it there when she was visiting you Sunday a week ago."

"Yes, that's so," Paul said. "But —"

"You admit it?"

"Of course I admit it," he said. "When I saw Vera Saturday I gave it to her to return to Sheilah."

"You didn't mention that before, Mr. Starr," Frank said coldly. "Let me speak to the officer with you."

Paul held out the receiver to Patrolman Schneider, feeling chilled and shaken. Lucille alone had known, he thought. He had told no one else. She had led him on with pretended sympathy and he had talked his head off. He should have known better. She was a reporter and news was her job, but he had considered this a personal thing and he felt betrayed.

Sheilah awakened in the still air of dawn, in the breathless quiet before the birds began to chirp.

Benjy's voice said, thick with sleep, "Shee?"

"I'm here," she said. "Go back to sleep."

But he crawled up beside her. "Gee, that bed was hard. I've got a crick in my neck."

"I'll rub it out," Sheilah said. "Turn around."

His eyes were solemn, and his underlip stuck out a little as she massaged the back of his neck. "You hungry?" she asked, and opened the duffel bag. "Here, take a cheese cracker."

He only nibbled at it, and when Fritzie moved up beside him and nuzzled his hand he gave the little dog most of the cracker.

"Sleep some more, Benjy," Sheilah said. "I'll call you later."

He lay down and soon he slept again. Sheilah hoped he would sleep a long time, because there was no hurry this morning. She wanted to wait until people began to fill up the park—babies in perambulators with their mothers or their nurses, kids on roller-skates, people walking their dogs. On a sunny day in June there were bound to be a million other kids.

After a time she heard voices and she awakened Benjy. He sat up with a jerk, but he smiled when Fritzie climbed into his lap. Sheilah said, "We'll go out and get washed and then come back for breakfast. Hand me the comb out of that duffel bag and I'll fix your hair. We want to look tidy."

Outside the cave she brushed him over and smoothed her dress, then she took the leash and with the little dog pulling hard she followed a path that led them to the comfort stations, and showed Benjy which was his. She made an effort to smooth her hair, but decided it would be better to put on her scarf; it covered up her hair and made her look lots neater. Nobody would ever guess, she thought, that she had been sleeping in a cave right here in Central Park.

Benjy was waiting outside, and they had started up the slope when they came face to face with a policeman.

Patrolman Horace Schneider's tour of duty was nearly over and he was tired. He was convinced those kids had scooted out of the park before it got dark last night. But he saw two children coming, with a dachshund on a leash: a little girl about ten, yes, and a boy around six years old. The girl was wearing a scarf over her head and he could not see the color of her hair.

"Benjy, hold on to my hand," Sheilah said. "Hold tight and don't say a word."

"Yes, Shee," he said.

"And call me Lolly. Remember that."

She walked straight up to the policeman and asked with her brightest smile, "Would it be all right if we let our little dog off his leash?"

"It's against the regulations," Patrolman Schneider said.

"But he has been cooped up all night in an apartment," Sheilah said. "Gee, it seems mean not to let Fritzie run a little."

"You kids are out pretty early, aren't you?" Schneider asked.

"Our father dropped us off at the Mall on his way downtown to work," Sheilah said.

"What's your name, little girl?"

"Eulalia," Sheilah said. "Eulalia Hadley. Why?"

"That's a nice little dog you've got," he said, stopping to pat the dachshund's head, while his fingers

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groped for the licence. "How old are you—what was that name again?"

Sheilah laughed freshly. "Oh, just call me Lolly. Everybody calls me Lolly."

"And they call me Butch," Benjy said helpfully, but Sheilah squeezed his hand hard, meaning keep his mouth shut.

"Where do you live, Lolly?" Schneider asked, although Sheilah knew perfectly well he was looking at

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A SECRET PLACE

the brass plaque on the dog's collar that gave the name and address of Mr. Robert Hadley.

"Oh, over on Park Avenue," Sheilah said grandly.

Patrolman Schneider nodded, stood erect. "How old are you, Lolly?"

"I'm twelve," Sheilah said. "Butch is seven. Why?"

"That's a nice little dog you've got," Schneider said. "But you keep him on his leash or you'll lose him. He'll run away."

"Oh, Fritzie wouldn't run away," Sheilah said. "But I'll keep him on his leash, I promise."

Patrolman Schneider watched them as they moved on, his forehead furrowed in a frown.

They turned off toward the Ramble. In under the weeping-willow tree they went and past the long, reaching arms of the forsythia to the thick barrier of rhododendrons, and there they stooped by its waxy leaves to enter the cave. Benjy was first, already on his hands and knees, but he drew back and said in alarm, "Somebody's in there, Shee."

Sheilah stooped, saw a young boy who was stuffing his mouth with cheese crackers. He had the duffel bag open and was helping himself.

"Hey, you come out of there," Sheilah said.

"I will not," the boy said. "This is my cave."

"It is not your cave," Sheilah said. "It's our cave. I found it a long time ago."

"It's mine," the boy said. "You go away."

Sheilah said warningly, "My little dog bites." There was no response from the cave and she said, "If you don't come out of there I'm going to take my dog off his leash."

There was a moment's silence, then the boy said, "All right, I'm coming out."

"Careful," Sheilah said. "He might just bite. Now, whoa, Fritzie. Don't pull like that. Don't bite that boy unless I tell you."

The boy came out on his hands and knees, giving the little dog a wide berth. Surprisingly, and delightfully to Sheilah, Fritzie growled and looked very fierce. "All right," the boy said. "All right, keep your old cave. I know a better one, anyhow." He edged around the rhododendrons and was gone.

Sheilah said, "Get inside, Benjy, quick."

Once they were inside the cave Sheilah picked up the duffel bag and said, "Well, there's still plenty here for breakfast, but we've got to hurry."

"Hurry where, Shee?"

"You saw that kid," Sheilah said. "He's a tattle-tale kid. You can tell. He'll run straight to his mother or to that policeman we saw and he'll tattle for sure, so I think we'd better get out of here."

"Where will we go?"

"We'll go and walk our dog on the Mall, like everybody else, and then we'll go to the zoo and the monkey bars and the carousel."

"O.K." Benjy said.

When they had eaten she packed the duffel bag and tucked it in the crevice. It wouldn't do to carry the bag along, and they had better leave their skates behind, too, she thought. If they were going to be walking a dog they had better be doing just that and nothing else. Fritzie behaved as if he had been their dog all his life.

People were streaming into the park now. The children went past the band shell and followed a path to the carousel. Up on a little hill called the Kinderberg was the chess house where they had gone several times with daddy to watch people playing chess and checkers.

Benjy said with disappointment, "The carousel's all closed up, Shee."

"It will open pretty soon," Sheilah said. "You go sit on one of those benches. I'm going to let you have one of my two-dollar bills and when they open up the carousel you can be the very first rider and pick the best horse."

"How about you, Shee?"

"I couldn't take Fritzie on the carousel," she said. "I think maybe I'll walk back up there to the chess house. I can see the carousel from up there and I'll be watching. If anybody asks who you're with, say your nannie is around somewhere."

"O.K. and I'm Butch Hadley," Benjy said. "The champeen rodeo rider, Butch Hadley. You heard of him, Shee?"

"You bet," she said.

Occasionally, from the chess house, Sheilah glanced back toward the carousel, and it was one of these watchful, protective glances that ended in a frozen stare. She saw a man holding Benjy by the arm, talking to the boy. He wasn't a policeman, though. At least he didn't have a uniform, but neither had those two men in the apartment — those detectives.

"Why, sure you remember me, Benjy," the man was saying. "I'm your Uncle Claude."

Benjy considered a moment. "Let me see your tattoo."

The man turned up the sleeve of the yellow shirt he

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Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short short stories, 1100 to 1400 words, articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

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AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting August 14.

ARIES MAR. 21—APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, red, blue. Lucky days, Thurs., Saturday.
★ This could prove to be a memorable week for achievements. Powerful influences for stability and expansion assist you. Romance is favorably accentuated. August 19 your best day.

TAURUS APR. 21—MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, orange, pink. Lucky days, Wed., Monday.
★ Beneficent emphasis on love, romance, courtship, and matrimony. A marvellous time to plan and carry out new projects. You could rise in the world, so be up and doing.

GEMINI MAY 21—JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, green, red. Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.
★ There could be good returns if you are eager to work hard. Home affairs prosper. For some, a long and profitable sea voyage. Sound returns on profitable investments.

CANCER JUNE 22—JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, blk., lilac. Lucky days, Sun., Monday.
★ This could be a bumper week for financial and material gain. Plan boldly for enduring results. Strong stars help your wishes to come true — beyond your wildest dreams.

LEO JULY 23—AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, purple, blk. Lucky days, Wed., Monday.
★ If you have any plans, go full steam ahead and don't spare the horsepower! Every facet of your life benefits — romance, career, and public and private life. The stars are with you all the way.

VIRGO AUG. 23—SEPT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, blk., lilac. Lucky days, Sun., Monday.
★ Romance on a solid and prosperous basis could be yours. Married folk enjoy harmonious times. There could be assistance from friends, a lottery windfall, some hope splendidly realised.

LIBRA SEPT. 24—OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, lilac, green. Lucky days, Sun., Monday.
★ This could be a week you will long remember. Love, romance and career receive favorable influences. If you don't succeed—you only have your indecision to blame.

SCORPIO OCT. 24—NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, red, cerise. Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.
★ Powerful and friendly influences assist love, marriage, partnership, and romance. On the practical side, it is a good time to sign legal documents or try your luck with the lottery.

SAGITTARIUS NOV. 23—DEC. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors tan, yellow. Lucky days, Wed., Monday.
★ A vintage season, when you may give free rein to your expansive and enterprising nature. You benefit most in a week beneficial to all. August 18-20 is your best period.

CAPRICORN DEC. 21—JAN. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, red, grey. Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.
★ If you have felt fenced in, the barriers burst this week. You could gain a new buoyancy and zest. Plan with big ideas. Romance and marriage matters flourish. August 18-20 excellent.

AQUARIUS JAN. 20—FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors tricolors. Lucky days, Fri., Saturday.
★ Fruitful industry, planning, and decision could transform your whole world. Aim for expansion and permanency, especially August 18-20. You can achieve wonders this week.

PISCES FEB. 20—MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, orange, mve. Lucky days, Sun., Monday.
★ There is no reason why you cannot attain the pinnacle of success. If you don't, the fault will be your natural diffidence. The stars more than help, but the rest is up to you.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.)

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be sure you remember...

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So many "sure-to-please" Father's

LEFT Your man travel a lot? Then give him Remington Lektronic, the only adjustable cordless shaver. Self-powered, he can use it any where in the world. To recharge, he just plugs it in to any voltage from 90 to 250 (A.C.). Price **22 gns.** or easy terms.

RIGHT Does he spend a lot of time in the car? The boat? Then it's the Remington Full Powered Auto-Home Electric Shaver for him — the only adjustable shaver he can operate from a 12 volt connection in car or boat. He can use it at home or in the office, too. Price — **£18.18.0** or easy terms.

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DAY *

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"You've been nagging about a Dutch door for years. I thought I'd surprise you."

Continued from page 58

A SECRET PLACE

was wearing and there it was on his wrist, the mermaid with the green tail. Benjy looked up and smiled and said, "Hello, Uncle Claude."

"I've been looking for you, kiddo," Uncle Claude said. "How are you? And how's your sister? Where is she?"

"I don't know," Benjy said. "Around."

"You mean you were all alone here?"

"I was waiting for the carousel to open," Benjy said.

"I remember you were telling me how much you liked the merry-go-round," Uncle Claude said. "And the monkey house. I was over there first to see if you were looking at the monkeys."

"We saw them yesterday," Benjy said.

"Say, you know something?" Uncle Claude said. "Maybe you can help me. I lost something."

Benjy was concerned. "What did you lose, Uncle Claude?"

"Maybe it's not lost," he said. "It was a package and I think maybe I left it in your apartment and your mother put it away somewhere. A package about this size." He made an oblong with his hands. "Wrapped up in plain brown paper with red string tied around it. I wonder if you happened to notice it?"

"You mean the snow?" Benjy asked.

"Huh?" said Uncle Claude. "Yeah, the snow. I guess I mean the snow, all right. What do you know about it?"

"The snow men took it away," Benjy said.

"The snow men? Who were they? Friends of your mother's?"

"Oh, no," Benjy said. "The men in white caps—you know, the men who take the snow away. But they were just pretend."

"Pretend?" Uncle Claude said.

"I was playing snow removal," Benjy said.

"With what was in that package?"

"Yes, it was down at the bottom of mummy's swipes and I borrowed it to play snow removal."

Uncle Claude grinned, patted Benjy's shoulder. "Where is it?"

"It's in my dump truck."

"In the apartment?"

"No. I was playing in 9-E and I forgot and left it there."

"Where is this 9-E?"

"Down below us," Benjy said. "Where Lucille — I mean, Miss Brush—lives."

Uncle Claude laughed very softly. "Well, I guess we'd better just take a run down there, Benjy. We'll get your little dump truck and we'll have some fun. O.K.? We'll come back for Sheilah later."

Benjy was concerned about Shee, but Uncle Claude was a grown-up: he knew he had to do what his uncle said. They walked away.

Sheilah watched them go from the shadows. At first it had given her a terrible fright, not knowing who the man was, but she saw that there was something familiar in the way he walked and the way he smiled and she knew who he was.

Uncle Claude had found Benjy and now it would mean they would come looking for her. She had better get away fast with Fritzie. But she mustn't hurry. She must act like a little girl walking her dog, especially if she saw a policeman. She must get her duffel bag and hide again.

Back at the apartment Joe, the doorman, came running. "Benjy, is that you?"

"Yes, it's me," Benjy said.

"Say, this is good news," Joe said. "Where's Sheilah?"

"Don't bother the kid now," Uncle Claude said. "He's pretty upset, but everything is under control. Anybody up in the apartment?"

Joe shook his head. "No, they locked it up."

"How about the lady in 9-E. Is she home, do you know?"

"Miss Brush? I haven't seen her go out. She'll be real happy. She looked all over for those kids."

"Come on, Benjy," Uncle Claude said.

THE sound of the buzzer awakened Lucille. She slipped out of bed, pulling on a robe as she went, opened the door, and saw a thin man in the corridor. With him, grinning at her, was Benjy.

She dropped to her knees and pulled him into her arms. "Benjy, darling. I'm so happy to see you! Where is Sheilah? Are you all right? Where's your father?"

"I don't know," Benjy said.

"I found him at the merry-go-round, miss," the man said. "I brought him straight down here and the doorman told me you were home."

"Oh, thank you," she said, "thank you so much."

"He's my Uncle Claude," Benjy volunteered. "He's got a mermaid tattooed on his wrist and he's a sailor."

"I'm Vera's brother, miss," the man explained.

"But where's Sheilah?"

"She's in the park somewhere, Benjy says. I figure we can go back and find her."

"We were in a cave," Benjy said. "We slept there all night, me and Shee and Fritzie, and we had cheese crackers to eat and peanut butter and lollipops and—"

"Oh, heavens," Lucille broke in. "I'm going to fix you a proper breakfast, and then we'll go find Sheilah and locate your father."

"I can tell you where to look, miss," the man said. "That's one reason I brought Benjy down here to your place. He took a newspaper from under his arm and she saw the headline: "Husband Had Murder Scarf."

"What?" she cried. "Let me see that." The newspaper was the "Record-Star." The story was under George Tompkins' by-line and her eyes skimmed over the lead: "Scarf in his home in Grandkill . . . belonged to his daughter . . . left there the previous Sunday . . ."

The man said, "I expect they've picked him up by now."

Lucille flew to the telephone, dialled the number of the "Record Star," and asked for Bob Stout. She said, almost in tears, "Bob, I just saw the late edition. Where did that story come from? That story about

To page 63

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Continued from page 62

A SECRET PLACE

the scarf? I have to know."

"Seems a woman called in after midnight and said her conscience had been bothering her all day long. She cleans for Mr. Starr out there in the country, and she saw that scarf in the house. She felt she had to let the news out, but she didn't want to go to the police, and she didn't want her name used.

"The rewrite man called our correspondent out in Rockland County and had him go around to the woman's house and check, then he wrote the new lead and we ran the story. Why? Anything wrong with it?"

"How about Mr. Starr?"

"How about any guy who murders his wife? Homicide has got him. They picked him up in Central Park early this morning."

I'm sorry, Benjy, but I've got a whole sugar bowl full of fresh snow and you can have all you want."

"That's O.K.," Benjy said. "I'm not playing that game any more. Uncle Claude wanted to know."

"Darling, where will we find Sheilah?"

"I guess she went back to the cave."

"Where is this cave, Benjy?"

"It's in the Rambles."

"But we were in the Rambles last night, looking for you," Lucille cried. "Where is this cave? Can you find it?"

"Oh, sure I can find it — I think."

"Then I'd better call the Homicide Squad," Lucille said and went quickly back to the telephone.

your snow. I should have told Susan not to touch it."

"Oh, I don't care," he said. "It was Uncle Claude who wanted it."

"Uncle Claude did? Why?"

"Well, it was his," Benjy said.

"I don't understand, Benjy."

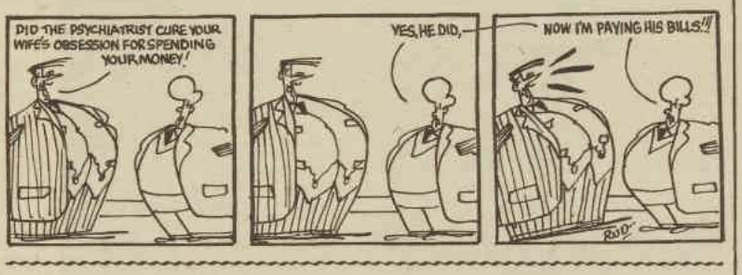
"He left a package with mummy and I opened it," Benjy said. "It made pretty good snow and I was just using it in my dump truck. I was going to put it back."

Lucille was puzzled. "Where was this package, Benjy?"

"In the box with mummy's swipes. Mummy put it away for him," Benjy said.

A voice came on the telephone, low - pitched and weary, "Detective Luther."

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY — By RUD



She hung up, hating the cynicism. Uncle Claude had Benjy's little red dump truck in his hands and the boy was saying, "That's where I left it, Uncle Claude."

"Left what?" Lucille asked.

"He was asking what happened to his snow," Claude Boggs said. "It seems he had this little truck full of snow."

Lucille smiled. "It was pretty dirty snow, Benjy. I guess Susan just flushed it down the drain and washed your little truck out nice and clean."

Claude Boggs stared at her, wet his lips. "Flushed it down the drain?"

"Or dumped it in the garbage, maybe."

"And the garbage?" he said in a hollow voice. "That was thrown out?"

"Oh, of course," Lucille said. "That was yesterday.

She dialled the number, and when she asked for Detective Luther the man at the other end said, "Sorry, you can't talk to Detective Luther just now."

"But this is urgent," she said. "Tell him Miss Brush is calling, please. I have very important news about the Starr case."

"The Starr case? O.K., hang on."

Lucille turned her head, hearing the closing of the front door, and Benjy said, "Uncle Claude went."

"Went where?"

"I don't know," Benjy said. "I think he was mad at me."

The boy was on his knees, pushing the little red truck. He looked very solemn, very sad, with his underlip outthrust, and Lucille said softly, "Darling, I'm sorry about

She said, "Listen, I've got exciting news. I have Benjy here, safe and sound."

For the first time she heard emotion in the detective's voice. "That's great," he said. "Where did you find him?"

"His uncle found him at the carousel in Central Park, and we're going after Sheilah," Lucille said. "But tell me — what about Mr. Starr?"

"Who is this uncle? Where's the little girl? Why didn't he bring her in, too?"

"He never saw her," Lucille said. "But Benjy knows where to find her."

"Tell me about this uncle," Frank said.

"He's Benjy's Uncle Claude; he's a sailor. He was looking for Benjy to ask him

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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

● *Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Patterns, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. New Zealand readers should address orders to Box 6348, Wellington: No C.O.D. orders accepted.*

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about a package that he left with Mrs. Starr and——"

"What's that?"

"A package," Lucille said. "Benjy found it and was using it to play snow removal."

"Snow removal?" Frank said. "Where is it?"

"I'm afraid my maid threw it out. Why? Is that important?"

"It's important enough to dispose of the one other lead in this case," Frank said. "It narrows it down to Paul Starr and nobody else."

"You must be mistaken," she said. "You're entirely wrong about Mr. Starr. He——"

"Where is this uncle?" Frank broke in.

"He walked out just a minute ago."

"Does he have a mermaid tattooed on his wrist?"

Continued from page 63

"Yes—how did you know?"

"We've been looking for him," Frank said. "We want to talk to him; so does Narcotics."

"Narcotics?" she said.

"What did you think was in that package?" he demanded. "Benjy was smarter than you are, Miss Brush. He knew it was snow."

"Oh," she said blankly.

"Heroin to you," he said. "We found a little of it on the floor where Benjy spilled it."

Lucille said, "But the important thing is we've found Benjy and we've got to go after Sheilah right away. Where is Mr. Starr?"

"We've got him," Frank said with satisfaction.

"May I speak to him, please?"

"He's not available right now."

"Have you booked him?"

"No, not yet. We're about to."

"Don't!" she said. "Hold off, Mr. Luther. Give him a chance."

Frank sighed wearily, "Look, young lady, I want to book him and go home and get some sleep. I've put in twenty-six hours straight on this case."

"But you want to solve it, don't you?"

"I figure we've got it solved, Miss."

"Wait until we've found Sheilah," Lucille said. "Her mother called Saturday night, remember, and she must have told Sheilah where she was and maybe even who she was with. I know where Sheilah is now. I'm going to get her and I think at least you'd be interested in what she may have to say."

"What she has to say will probably just convict the guy," he said. "Why else did she run away and hide?"

"This is what I want you to do," she said briskly, ignoring the question. "Put Mr. Starr in your car and drive him up to the boathouse in Central Park. I'll meet you there with Benjy. Please—just as soon as you can."

"Lady, be reasonable," he said.

"Be reasonable? You be human! Don't you know the poor man is worried sick about his children? Haven't you any heart? Don't you——"

"O.K., O.K.," he said. "I'll bring him."

She hung up and flew to the kitchenette, poured a glass of milk and said to Benjy, "Here, drink this," and ran back to the bedroom to dress with frantic haste. She caught up her handbag and ran to the living-room again.

Benjy was sitting on the floor with the glass of milk untouched at his side, and she said, "Honey, we have to hurry."

He looked up at her and said, "Lucille?"

"Yes, darling."

"Shee said last night that mummy had gone away."

Lucille came to rest, clasping her handbag tightly. "Yes, she has, Benjy."

"On a long, long trip, " Benjy said. "It means mummy died, doesn't it?"

She knelt beside him, put her arms around him, and said in a low, unsteady voice, "Yes, darling, I'm afraid it does." She kissed his cheek and he pressed against her, murmured, "Shee said we were going to live with daddy now. You'll come to see me, won't you?"

"You bet I will," she said strongly.

"Would you come and stay with us?"

SHE kissed his forehead. "Darling, I'm very flattered, and I promise you this—we'll see lots and lots of each other."

"I guess I could just call you Aunt Lucille," he said.

"That would make me very happy. But, Benjy, we'd better get started. We have to hurry uptown and find Sheilah."

"O.K.," he said, and scrambled to his feet.

Paul and Detective Luther reached the boathouse first and were waiting there when the cab pulled to the kerb. Paul lifted Benjy out and held him in a close hug, and Detective Luther grinned and said, "Hi, there, Benjy. You O.K.?"

Lucille's eyes met Paul's pleadingly and she said, "Paul — look at me. About the story in the paper—"

His eyes were dark and their expression veiled, but he smiled faintly and said, "It's O.K., Lucille. All in a day's work, I know. The main thing is we've found the kids and I can never thank you enough for your help."

"But I didn't write the story," she said. "Listen, please. The woman who cleans for you out in Grandkill called the 'Record-Star' last night, and the man on late rewrite put it in. I had nothing to do with it."

He smiled, and her hand, which had made a little gesture of appeal, ended firmly gripped in his.

Frank said, "Let's get on with this. Where do we find Sheilah?"

"Up that way," Benjy said. "I'll show you."

He trotted ahead up an incline, and where a path turned into the Ramble, he remembered the turn. At the cave the adults had to stoop low, pushing branches aside. Benjy dropped to his knees and said, "In under here."

"No wonder we never found it last night," Paul said, and called, "Sheilah? Are you there?"

"He's in there," Benjy said.

"Who's in there?"

"That bad boy who ate up our cheese crackers," Benjy said. "He's back in there, eating our lollipops."

Frank grunted, got down on his knees, and bent his head low. "The girl's not in there, though," he said. "Hey, you — sonny, come out here."

"No," the boy in the cave said.

"You better," Benjy said warningly. "He's a policeman."

"We're looking for a little girl," Luther said. "Sheilah Starr. Have you seen her?"

"No," the boy said.

"He knows her," Benjy said. "She was going to let Fritzie bite him."

"Fritzie?" Paul said. "Who's Fritzie?"

"Oh, didn't I tell you?" Benjy looked up with a happy grin. "We've got a puppy dog now."

Lucille dropped to her knees and peered into the cave. "Look," she

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OVEN STICK

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A SECRET PLACE

said, "You know that little girl. You saw her this morning. Now, I want the truth, or do you want to get into trouble?"

The boy did not answer; his eyes looked big and resentful.

"You took other people's things," Lucille said in an ominous tone. "You're eating other kids' candy. If you don't want to get into trouble you'd better tell us the truth. Detective Luther, show him your shield."

Frank solemnly produced his blue-and-gold shield.

"All right, maybe I saw her," the boy said. "She got into a car with that nasty little dog and went away."

"Where did she get in this car?" Frank asked.

"Down in the parking lot."

"All alone?"

"No. Somebody was driving, of course."

"Who?"

"I didn't see."

"What did the car look like?"

"It was a big creamy car with a black top," the boy said. "I saw her and that nasty little dog getting in and then they drove away."

Frank said, "I bet you even looked at the licence plates. You happen to notice the numbers? You remember them?"

"Nope."

"Wait a minute," Paul said, and he, too, knelt until he could see the boy's face in the gloom of the cave. "Listen, son, did you notice the numbers in front of the letters on that licence plate? I mean New York licences all begin with capital letters, you know. Was it RO, maybe, or RK?"

"That's right," the boy said. "It was RK."

"That's Rockland County," Paul said, standing up again. "I had a hunch. The Landises have a cream-colored convertible like the one he described, with black-and-white upholstery. Cora found Sheilah, bless her. She must have taken her on out to Grandkill. Let's get on the telephone."

PAUL had telephoned Cora Landis and had no answer. Now he had Arthur Landis' office on the line and Arthur Landis was saying, "No, I haven't heard from Cora this morning. What makes you think she found Sheilah?"

"We did find Benjy, but they had separated," Paul said. "A kid saw her get in a car with Rockland County plates, a cream-colored convertible like Cora's."

"Let's hope the kid is right," Arthur said fervently.

"Maybe they haven't had time to reach home yet. I guess we'll go on out that way, if I can talk Detective Luther into it."

"Oh—he's with you?"

"With manacles in his pocket," Paul said.

Arthur said quickly, "I'll meet you out there, then."

It required some persuasion.

Detective Luther was in a sour mood. But there were the two kids. A guy didn't want to send their father to the chair on top of what had happened to their mother. "I've put in twenty-seven hours on this case already. I might as well make it thirty. Let's go."

At the Landis house in Grandkill, the car descended a steep incline and came out on a flagged terrace. There was a three-car garage fifty yards away, with all its doors closed. As he got out of the car, Frank said, "Seems pretty quiet around here."

Paul went to the door and rang the bell and at last the door opened on Cora's questioning face. He asked anxiously, "Is Sheilah here?"

"Sheilah?" Cora said blankly.

"Didn't you find her?"

"I don't understand, Paul," she said.

"Weren't you in Central Park this morning?"

"No," she said. "I've been home all morning." She glanced up. "Don't tell me that's Benjy! Oh, that's wonderful, Paul — you found him. Darling, come say hello to Aunt Cora."

But Benjy hung back, clinging to Lucille's hand.

"You say you were home all morning?" Frank Luther asked. "We tried to get you on the telephone."

Cora inspected him coldly. "Who are you?" she asked.

"This is Detective Luther of Homicide," Paul said. "We did call you, Cora, and got no answer."

"The maid doesn't come in until noon," she said, "and I was having a nap. I always turn off the extension telephone upstairs when I take a nap. Sorry, Paul. Was it important?"

Paul made a groaning noise, and Lucille said, "We were so hopeful it was you in the park, Mrs. Landis. A little boy said he saw Sheilah get in a car like yours, a cream convertible."

"My dear, there are thousands of cream convertibles," Cora said.

"But this one had Rockland County markers," Paul said.

"Convertible Heights, they call it around here," Cora said. "The woods of Rockland County are full of them, darling." She stepped back, opening the door wide. "Won't you come in?"

"We'd better be starting back to the city," Frank said. "But I'd like to use your telephone first, if I may."

"Of course," Cora said.

"Can I go look at the swimming-pool?" Benjy asked.

"Of course," Cora said.

The others followed Cora into the house. Lucille took Paul's hand as he stood by the huge window gazing disconsolately at the broad river below. Detective Luther was putting through his call. There was the sound of a car outside. Arthur came quickly into the house and Cora called out, "Darling, what are you doing home?"

"Is Sheilah here?" he asked.

"No," Paul said.

"Didn't—" He looked at Cora.

"Mrs. Landis has been home all morning, she says," Frank Luther said as he came away from the telephone. "Where were you, by the way, Mr. Landis?"

"Oh—Detective Luther," Arthur said. "I was at my office."

"You weren't driving a cream-colored convertible?"

"No; that's my car outside. It's grey."

Frank glanced at the grey car. He turned to Paul and said in a firm but regretful tone, "We'd better hit the road, Mr. Starr."

"But somebody found Sheilah in the park," Paul said helplessly. "Somebody took her away in a cream convertible."

"I doubt it," Frank said. "You put the words in that kid's mouth, Mr. Starr. You gave him the choice, remember? RO or RK, and he picked RK. He never saw her drive away with anybody, I'm afraid." He added with great weariness, "Let's get going." He opened the door and led the way outside.

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DRESS UP EVERY-DAY DISHES with delicious Golden Circle tropical PINEAPPLE

STEAK tropic style

One 15 oz. can GOLDEN CIRCLE Pineapple Slices, required number of steaks for grilling, tomatoes, beans and potatoes.

Grill or dry fry the steaks to the desired degree of doneness. When turning the steaks add the drained pineapple slices to the grilling rack. Brush them with melted butter, sprinkle with brown sugar and continue cooking until pineapple slices are richly glazed. Serve with grilled tomato slices, mashed potatoes, green beans. NOTE: When dry frying the steaks, remove from pan, add the pineapple slices to pan, sprinkle with brown sugar and cook until glazed. Serve with steaks.

look for recipes on can labels

CHICKEN tropic style

15 oz. can GOLDEN CIRCLE Sliced Pineapple, a 3½ to 4 lb. roasting chicken, salt, pepper, butter. Clean, wash and dry chicken, rub inside with salt; stuff lightly with any desired stuffing to which you have added one finely chopped pineapple slice. Place on rack in roaster. Pour ½ cup hot water in bottom of pan. Roast, uncovered, in moderate oven (350 degs. F.) to the desired degree of doneness, basting occasionally with mixture of tablespoon butter and ½ cup pineapple syrup. Turn chicken with breast down the last 20 minutes of cooking time and at the same time place the remaining drained pineapple slices in pan under chicken to heat through. Serve chicken with baked vegetables and garnish with pineapple slices.

THE C.O.D. CANNERY, NORTHGATE, BRISBANE, Q.

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A SECRET PLACE

Benjy was in the garden, stooping by a privet hedge, and when Paul called his name he came slowly across the terrace. "I thought I saw Fritzie over there. Fritzie, our little puppy dog."

"Get in," Frank said impatiently.

Lucille got in the detective's car and said as she moved over to make room for Paul and Benjy, "That little boy did say he saw Sheilah get in a car with a dog."

"So what?" Frank said. "If Sheilah was here they'd tell us, wouldn't they?"

"He's our little adopted dog," Benjy said as Paul hoisted the boy into his lap. "He ran away, too, from Mr. Robert Hadley over on Park Avenue, and me and Shee adopted him."

Frank started the engine. He let the car move forward and Benjy pointed suddenly and said with excitement. "See, daddy. There he is."

Frank stopped the car. Paul looked, saw a small brown dachshund. Benjy jumped out and called confidently, "Come here, Fritzie."

The little dog barked, then came trotting through the garden.

Paul dropped to his knees, found the brass plate on the dog's collar, and turned a white, shocked face up to Lucille, "Mr. Robert Hadley," he said. "And the dog's name is here. It's Fritz."

"Then Sheilah's here," Lucille said. "She's here somewhere." She turned alertly. "Where is that woman?"

Frank was out of the car and striding toward the house. He threw the door open and burst inside. In the living-room Arthur was holding Cora's wrist. His face was grey-looking and she was trying to pull away, showing huge and frightened eyes.

"Lady, where is that kid?" Frank demanded.

"I don't know," Cora said. "Ask Arthur."

"How should I know?" Arthur said, avoiding looking at Paul as he came in with Lucille.

"That dog was with her," Frank said. "What's going on here? What do you know about that little girl?"

Cora jerked her wrist free and faced the detective. "Maybe Arthur took my car this morning."

"I took my own car," Arthur said. "Cora, if you know where Sheilah is, say so."

"I was sleeping," Cora said. Her face was flushed high under her large and burning eyes. "I didn't see what car you took. I can't protect you any more, Arthur. The time has come to tell the truth — the whole story."

She flung out one hand toward the detective. "He went to Atlantic City with Vera Starr Saturday night and he was trying to break off with her, but she threatened to make trouble." She made a gesture of appeal and said in a low voice, "Oh, darling, I'm so sorry."

Arthur met Paul's eyes, then glanced away. He said in a low, abject voice. "I didn't kill her, Paul. I swear it."

"Hey, now," Frank said. "You mean you were in Atlantic City with that dame?"

"Sheilah knew the room number," Cora said. "That's why he had to find her. She knew they were together in Room Two Twenty-two because those are her lucky numbers and Vera told her on the telephone. I know because Arthur told me. He confessed it."

"I didn't confess anything," Arthur said. "Cora —"

"Now don't go telling them Cora is out of her mind again," she broke in. "He and Vera had it all planned. They were going to have me put away, take all my money, and be free."

"If that were so, why would I kill her?" Arthur demanded.

"I don't know what went wrong," Cora said. "But you brought her overnight bag back here and hid it, remember? I'm sorry, but I'll have to turn that bag over to the police."

"She walked out on me," Arthur said. "She had a telephone call and walked out and never came back. If I had known she was dead I'd have got rid of that bag, Mr. Luther."

"A telephone call from where?" Frank asked.

"I don't know. The operator told me somebody called the room while I was out."

FRANK asked alertly, "Man or woman?"

"I never asked that," Arthur said, and looked at Cora with an air of startled comprehension. "I never thought to ask, but that's it! A woman. Of course it was a woman. You, Cora! You followed us to Atlantic City, didn't you? You called her and got her downstairs." He faced Detective Luther. "Listen, she's got a crazy idea that I was conspiring with Vera to have her put away. That's it. That's the reason."

"I wonder if it's such a crazy idea. I wonder if you weren't doing just that."

"Now see here—" Arthur began.

"One of you killed Vera Starr, it looks to me, and one of you found Sheilah this morning. Where is she? That dog is here. You can't explain away that little dog."

"Cora, what have you done with her?" Paul asked pleadingly. "She's just a little girl. For heaven's sake tell us."

Cora said, "Why don't you ask him? Ask Arthur."

"It wasn't Arthur," Paul said. "You yourself told me that he had gone off for the weekend in his sports car. There's no room in the back of that car to transport Vera to Riverside Drive."

"That's right," Arthur said.

Cora stared at Paul, then backed away toward the doors that opened on the terrace and the swimming-pool. Suddenly she turned and ran out of the house, and Arthur, after an instant's hesitation, followed her.

Frank Luther shouted, "Grab her. Don't let her go." He swung around.

"Let's search this house. Mr. Starr, you and Miss Brush take the upstairs. I'll start in the basement."

"And there's a guesthouse," Paul said.

"O.K., let's get busy."

Paul ran up the stairs, following Lucille. He heard the little brown dachshund barking outside, off in the distance, heard Benjy calling, "Fritzie—here, Fritzie." The boy was impatient because the little dog did not obey. Instead, Fritzie ran to the garage and sniffed at the crack between the concrete and the sill of the closed door.

Sheilah heard the little dog bark, but she did not dare

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Printed by Conpress Printing Limited for the publisher, Australian Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

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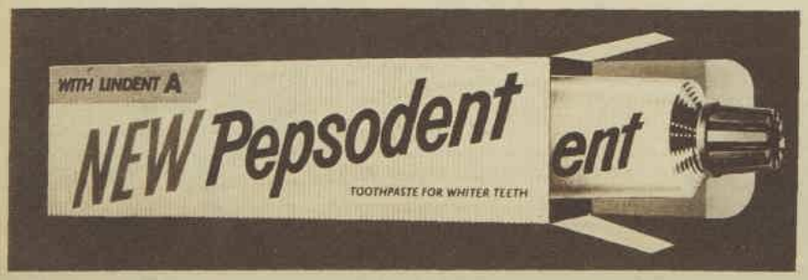

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A SECRET PLACE

call out. What could Fritzie do? The main thing was just to keep breathing and lie very still and close off her mind to the darkness and not be scared. It was stiflingly hot in the trunk of the car, sealed up in the closed garage, and so very dark. A long time had passed since she had looked up in Central Park and seen Aunt Cora's smiling face and heard her say, "Well, hello. You're a hard little girl to find, Sheilah. I've been at the boathouse for a long time watching for you."

The boathouse? Why the boathouse?

"You called from the telephone booth in the boathouse, didn't you? You said you were Joanie Perkins, but I checked. Joanie was home all day. Where is Benjy?"

Sheilah had felt no fear at first. Aunt Cora had acted very friendly. "I guess you know you two have been very naughty, running away like that and upsetting your father. He's been looking everywhere for you."

"He has?" Sheilah had said, feeling a pleased anxiety.

"So I'm taking you straight home," Aunt Cora had said. "Come on, that's my car down there in the parking lot."

Her feeling had been relief that it was all over, and there would be no more running away. "Where is daddy?"

"Your father is all right," Aunt Cora had said. "We'll go to my house and your daddy will meet us there."

It had felt good to be in Cora's big car, good to relax at last, and of course there had been no reason to be afraid; it was Aunt Cora. She had unsnapped the leash from Fritzie's collar and Fritzie had loved riding in the car. Aunt Cora was saying, "Honey, so many bad things have happened. But you'll be with your father now and you'll be happy, I know."

Aunt Cora had kept on with a sympathy that only made it all the worse, saying, "Everybody is so sorry about your poor mother. Nobody even knows where she went last weekend. Do you?"

"No," Sheilah had said.

"But didn't she telephone?"

Sheilah had almost forgotten. "Yes, she called home to see how everything was."

"Where was she?"

"Atlantic City."

"Is that all she told you?"

"Just her room number is all," Sheilah had said. Her lucky number in a row — three twos, she thought, but maybe it wasn't such a lucky number and what people said about two-dollar bills being bad luck was all true.

She had said, "I don't want to talk about it, Aunt Cora," and had started to cry, and Aunt Cora had been so nice and her voice so very gentle and she had said, "Sweetie, forgive me."

It was after they had turned off the parkway and were going north that Sheilah had turned on the radio and the voice had come on, saying, "Paul Starr, estranged husband of the dead woman, was arrested last night by detectives of the Homicide Squad after it was disclosed that the murder weapon, a scarf with a design of hunters and a running fox, had been in his possession before the crime——"

Aunt Cora's swooping fingers had turned the knob, but Sheilah had heard enough and had cried out, "You didn't tell me they arrested daddy!"

"I didn't want to worry you, sweetie," Aunt Cora had said. She had made the turn in between the stone gateway and the car had rushed down the steep driveway and charged into the garage and there Aunt Cora had jammed on the power brakes hard. It was stopping so short that had made the amber bead roll out where Sheilah could see it.

"Here we are," Aunt Cora had said with a cheerful laugh. "Hop out."

As Sheilah pushed the door open Fritzie had jumped out and scampered away. She had turned back to get the leash and that was when she had seen an object with a yellowish glow under the low seat. Aunt Cora had asked, "What have you got there?"

Sheilah's hand had closed hard on the lozenge-shaped amber bead and she had looked up at Aunt Cora with fear and shock in her eyes. She had opened her hand and disclosed the amber bead, catching the light. "This is mummy's bead. She had a whole string like this. She was wearing it on Saturday night when she went out. She was wearing her yellow dress and her amber beads. They're the ones daddy gave her. You ask him. See, there's a design of little stars."

Looking up, she had seen Aunt Cora's face, and she would never forget how her big brown eyes had glowed and how her mouth had been twisted. Sheilah had started to speak and suddenly a hand had been clamped over her mouth. Aunt Cora was very strong. Sheilah had kicked with her heels, but it had been of no use. The little dog had barked furiously and she would have called "Sic her, Fritzie," if only she could have.

She had seen the lid of the trunk

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HAZEL . . . by Ted Key

"Back to cottage cheese."

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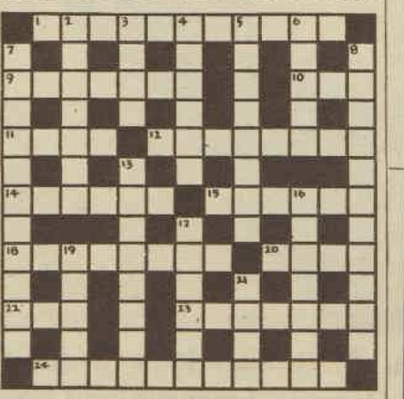
FORD PILLS

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

JOAN tells Mandrake that she and a "ghost," though in love, had never held hands. One day, however, she reached out to touch him — and her hands touched only air! NOW READ ON . . .

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Diffusing fragrance (11).
9. Across a rower's bench (7).
10. If you do it with dirt you retract (3).
11. Organs in free arsenic (4).
12. Hold back freedom from care with downpour (8).
14. She in eight gallons (6).
15. Author of "The Imitation of Christ" (6).
18. Harpsichord, the second half of which could be nice (8).
20. Measurement for length and rain (4).
22. The English one is 45 inches (3).
23. Its capital is Toronto (7).
24. Such person may have long fingers, but he is in need of staff (5-6).

Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

2. She trod (anagr., 7).
3. Genuine earl (4).
4. Her fat near relative (6).
5. Meet dirt put back (8).
6. A mule for Moslem doctors of sacred law and theology (5).
7. Such books are supported by material made from rags or vegetable fibres (11).
8. Short distance must have been the safety zone of primitive men (6, 5).
13. Person full of vindictiveness (8).
16. Important person in Rabelais' Pantagruel (7).
17. If you put it on somebody you do for the person (6).
19. God to be found in a hall (5).
21. Stupefy with nuts (4).

T	R	A	I	N	B	E	A	R	E	R	S	
A		R		O		C		E		O		S
K	E	S	T	R	E	L		S	A	B	L	E
I		E		M		A		T		O		A
N	O	N	E	S		T	R	O	T	T	E	R
G		I		S		R				C		
T	O	C	S	I	N		R	E	L	I	S	H
O				N		B				C		L
T	O	A	S	T	E	R		E	L	E	M	I
A		B		E		E		C		G		
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K		L		I		S		I		P		T
	S	E	A	M	S	T	R	E	S	S	E	S

Solution of last week's crossword.

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Continued from page 67

A SECRET PLACE

fly up and she had struggled to break free, but she had been lifted up and thrown forward with a mighty shove. Then the lid of the trunk had come down with a heavy thud and she had been in darkness. Outside she had heard Aunt Cora calling, "Here, puppy."

The amber bead was still clutched in Sheilah's hand; she had never let go of it. She had curled up in a corner of the trunk in the darkness, breathing gaspingly and hearing Aunt Cora's voice outside calling, "Come here, puppy . . ."

She knew that Aunt Cora had never caught Fritzie, because he was barking again, close by. And then Sheilah had heard the noise of the closing garage door. It was all so long ago now, and so far away, and it made Sheilah's head ache to think of it. She lay still, with the lozenge-shaped amber bead clutched in her left hand.

She heard Fritzie barking again and would have called out, "Good boy, Fritzie," but she couldn't waste any breath and she was afraid that if he barked too loud Aunt Cora might come back and catch him.

"Paul," Lucille called, "come and look. That dog is barking there by the garage, sniffing at the door."

Paul snatched up the key ring Cora had left on a hall table and ran across the terrace, hearing Lucille's heels clacking on the flagstones behind him. Paul pressed the button and the door swung up with agonising slowness. Fritzie scooted underneath and began barking.

Sheilah heard the sound, and the noise of the door sliding up, and she lay crouched in the darkness, waiting and afraid to hope and afraid to call out. But there was the noise of a key in the lock and suddenly the lid of the trunk flew up and there were daddy and Lucille and Benjy.

She scrambled to her knees and then she was in daddy's arms and he was crying and Lucille was crying and Fritzie was barking happily and Benjy asked in a wondering tone, "What were you doing in there, Shee?"

Detective Luther came running, calling anxiously, "Is she O.K.?"

"Yes, thank heaven," Paul said, holding her close.

Sheilah opened the fingers of her left hand and disclosed the bead.

Frank said, "What's that?"

Paul turned his head to see. "That's Vera's. I gave her a necklace with beads like that. Where did you find it, Sheilah?"

"Under the front seat."

"Of this car—Cora's car?"

"Yes."

"And she locked you in the trunk?"

"Yes, daddy."

Frank said furiously, "I'll get her. Give me that bead, kid." He took it in his hand, said, "This bead saves you from the electric chair, Mr. Starr. I guess you know that."

"I know that," Paul said.

"You're one lucky guy," Frank said. "That phone call I made — we've picked up Claude Boggs. He can explain a lot, too." He grinned at Sheilah. "I mean one real lucky guy."

"I know that, too," Paul said.

"Bless you, kid," Frank said.

Cora had followed Arthur and Vera to Atlantic City and made the call that brought Vera downstairs. She had got her into the car on some pretext and strangled her with the scarf, and the necklace had been broken and one of the scattered beads rolled in there under the front seat where Cora hadn't found it. But one bead was enough. That one bead clinched it, and when he checked Atlantic City he'd get all the facts.

On the terrace overlooking the river he came face to face with Arthur. "Where is she?" Frank demanded. "She killed Vera Starr."

"I know," Arthur said. "She has persecution fears, Mr. Luther, and she was convinced there was a conspiracy against her."

"Was there?"

"I'm not blameless," Arthur said humbly. "I brought the situation on. I know that now. She followed us, described us to a bellhop and bribed him to find out the number of our room. Then she watched in the lobby and when she saw me go out she called Vera and told her she had to talk to her. I don't know how she persuaded Vera to get into her car, but she did, and she killed her.

"I thought she wanted to find Sheilah to protect me. But she was protecting herself. She knew if you started checking Room Two Twenty-two you'd find out everything. That's why she went looking for Sheilah."

Frank asked fiercely. "Where is she?"

"She went down to the river," Arthur said, and met the detective's eyes. "Let her go."

Frank pushed past Arthur Landis and started down the steep path, slipping and stumbling in his haste. Cora was not in sight. There was no sign of her, no ripple, only the deep murky river flowing swiftly with the ebb tide toward the sea. Arthur had followed him.

A small cabin cruiser bore toward them and a man shouted, "She jumped — I saw her."

MORE than ten minutes had passed before they found her, and then it was too late.

Arthur looked at Paul. He said in a low tone, "Use my car, Paul. Take your kids on home where they belong."

"O.K.," Paul said. "Thanks."

Sheilah and Benjy were with Lucille, sitting on a bench at the edge of the garden and unaware of what had happened down below. Lucille's arms were around the two children and the little dog frisked at their feet.

Sheilah had recovered now. Seeing her father coming, she got quickly to her feet and went to meet him, laughing as he hoisted her up in his arms like a small child and kissed her cheek. He put her down again and said, "Sheilah, I'm proud of you." Noticing Benjy's eager eyes watching, he added, "And you, too, Benjy."

"And Fritzie?" Benjy said.

"Fritzie as much as anybody," Paul said.

Sheilah said anxiously, "Daddy, I've got forty-six dollars of my good-luck money left. Do you suppose Mr. Hadley would sell Fritzie for forty-six dollars?"

"We'll pay Mr. Hadley anything he asks," Paul said. "We've got to keep Fritzie in the family." He stretched out his hand to Benjy. "Come on, we're going home."

"Home to Grandkill?" Sheilah asked. "Really home?"

"Really home," he said.

They were moving toward the car, and Paul glanced back and saw Lucille still standing by the bench, watching them with a gentle outsider's smile. He called out, "Hey, aren't you coming?"

"If there's room," she said.

"There's always room for you, Lucille," he said.

THE END

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2288 Above-the-knee beach dress. The pattern includes dress without hem ruffle. Sizes 31 to 36in. bust. Requires (for 34in. bust) 2⅞yds. 36in. material.
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Butterick Pattern 2256, price 4/9. Postage 6d. extra.

2348 Slim-fitted sheath and short-cut jacket. Sizes 31 to 36in. bust. Requires (for 34in. bust), dress, 2⅞yds. 36in. material; jacket, 2¼yds. 36in. material.
Butterick Pattern 2348, price 4/9. Postage 6d. extra.

2649 Pretty subteen party dress. Sizes 25 to 32in. chest. Requires (for 28in. chest) 3yds. 36in. material.
Butterick Pattern 2649, price 4/6. Postage 6d. extra.

2396 Smart back-buttoned blouse. The pattern includes sleeveless design with self-bow trim and scoop neck with threequarter-length sleeves. Sizes 31 to 40in. bust. Requires (for 34in. bust) 1⅞yds. 36in. material.
Butterick Pattern 2396, price 4/6. Postage 6d. extra.

9970 Attractive dress and jacket ensemble. Sizes 31 to 38in. bust. Requires (for 34in. bust), dress, 1⅞yds. 54in. material; jacket, 1⅞yds. 54in. material.
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

August 21, 1963

Teenagers' WEEKLY

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

Not to be sold separately

MIMSY FARMER

● While still a schoolgirl, Mimsy Farmer has just made her debut in films—playing a leading role in Warner Bros.' "Spencer's Mountain," which stars Henry Fonda, Maureen O'Hara, and James MacArthur. Born in Chicago in 1945, she started studying drama at Hollywood High School, and has already appeared on a number of TV programmes, including "The Donna Reed Show." She enjoys camping holidays with her family in the High Sierras, and her hobbies are writing, painting, swimming, and tennis. Her advice on teenage beauty is: "Concentrate on keeping neat and clean, be as well groomed as possible, and avoid sloppy make-up."

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LETTERS

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Letters must bear the signature and address of the writer, and when choosing letters for publication we give preference to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send all correspondence to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

Which courses to steer?

I HAVE the same problem as many other teenagers — choosing a career. Until six months or so ago I intended to do an Arts course at the University, majoring in French, Latin, or English, and then to teach those subjects. But I have now become interested in Science, especially in astronomy. I do not merely find each group of subjects agreeable, but I have a strong passion for both. One day I'm determined to do Science, the next to do Arts. It would be easy if I could just do whichever subjects in which I get the best results, but I am capable of doing well enough in either career. As you can see, I badly need advice. Should I do Science, because in that way I will be doing something that will benefit mankind? Or should I do Arts? Please, what do other teenagers advise me to do?—*Judith King, Nth. Brighton, S.A.*

Party custom

WHY is it that if you go to a party with a boy you are expected to be "exclusively his" for the evening? At a party, everyone should mix and get to know the other guests. But how is this possible when you feel obliged to remain with your partner all the evening? Have I any supporters in my fit of hatred for this kind of party? Or do most people believe "go with one, meet none?"—*"Annelida," Cremorne, N.S.W.*

Freedom of speech

I ATTEND a large metropolitan high school for girls and I agree that to encourage freedom of speech and freedom of thought in schools is sound democracy. However, I consider that a Science teacher who openly states to a class that there is no scientific proof that there is a God is abusing freedom of speech, not upholding it.—*"Wondering," Sydney.*

Next week

• Two young Australian sisters have just returned from a world tour on which they searched for the latest trends in fashion. They each built an international wardrobe for themselves, and next week they model their favorite clothes for us. On the cover we'll have a pin-up of Australian ballad singer Gary Shearston.

School displays

EVERY time various important education officials visit our schools, well-meaning teachers gather together reluctant students to arrange impressive displays of gymnastics, marching, and choir singing. Certainly these displays are usually very spectacular and entertaining, but what impression do they make on our long-suffering visitors, who see hundreds of them at different schools every year? To present more original entertainment would be a matter for pupils as well as teachers. Groups could arrange meetings at suitable times, and ideas could be exchanged. If schools only realised that an original effort would impress more than any perfect display put on by most other schools!—*"Student," Port Macquarie, N.S.W.*

Gold prospecting

I WONDER how many teenagers have tried gold prospecting?

Maps, miners' rights, instructions for the amateur miner, showing how to "pan" for gold, and where to find it, are available from the Department of Mines in each State. The cost of simple mining equipment is very low.

And the prospectors who still live on the old diggings enjoy giving "new chums" first-hand information about the most likely spots in the district. Often they will wash a few panfuls of dirt to show how the panning is done. If you have sufficient time, they will talk about the old days, pointing out diggings and abandoned mines, reminiscing about the days when thousands of men crammed river banks in search of the big strikes.

Once you find your first few pieces of gold, you will understand why they joined the rush. —*R. H. Anderson, Nth. Parramatta, N.S.W.*

Mothers disagree

TWO 16-year-old girls I know want to take a holiday trip to another State. Their families know their itinerary and know the hotel at which they would be staying. One of their mothers approves, but the other doesn't. Which mother is right?—*"Perplexed," Camp Hill, Brisbane.*

Walking fun

IS it because of today's modern transport that the thrill of climbing hills and walking to some out-of-the-way place seems to be forgotten? Friends will tell you "this lovely snap was taken when we motored to some place or other." Recently a group of teenage girls and I set out to climb some towering hills nearby and the pleasure of reaching our goal and the breathtaking view from the top still give us a thrill when we look at our snaps of a really enjoyable day.—*E. Thrift, Parkville, N.S.W.*

Lunch-time sport

DURING the winter term at our school we have been kept busy in the lunch-hour playing inter-form sport.

Each form in the school makes a team to play the other forms. The boys play football and the girls play basketball, two days in the week.

All the school turns up to watch and this causes great interest in the school. Do any other schools have such activities? — *Glenis Valentine, Brisbane.*

Australia first

STATISTICS show that every year more and more girls between the ages of 19 and 22 are leaving Australia for working holidays in Europe and Britain. Most of them are able to do this because, in the two or three years they have spent pounding typewriters in a city office, they have been able to save enough money every week to pay for a comfortable start to such an adventure and the security of a return fare.

Dreams of wandering through fascinating Piccadilly Circus, skiing down a Swiss slope, and browsing in quaint little bookstalls beside the River Seine have very often urged the more eager to take an extra job at night. And, indeed, it is highly commendable that for so many of them sheer determination has made these dreams come true.

But I wonder how many Australian girls in Europe at this moment bothered to seek out the wonder of their own country before "jumping off" at the first opportunity? The stark beauty of Drysdale's outback is not to be equalled anywhere in the world, and it seems a pity if they have not seen the things they will surely be questioned about by Europeans. It can be quite inexpensive to rent a car with a few friends and spend a few weeks touring Australia—to say nothing of the fun such a tour would entail! All you girls with your sights set so high—don't overlook our own doorstep!—*Marilyn Ellwood, Double Bay, N.S.W.*

BEATNIK

"Oh, Cedric, isn't it wonderful the way spring makes you want to jump with joy?"

Kitchen teas are popular

• Margaret Michie said (T.W., 10/7/63) she was reluctant about a friend giving her a kitchen tea because the sole purpose of such an occasion seemed to be to collect presents from friends who would be giving another present at the wedding.

YOUR reluctance about a gift-giving kitchen tea is understandable. On the other hand, the friend who has offered to hold this function might be hurt or annoyed by your refusal.

Why not suggest that guests bring a favorite recipe or household hint instead of a present? Or say that the gift must be a small hand-made article, like a pot-holder, oven-cloth, or tea-cosy.

The pleasure of giving and attending pre-wedding get-togethers should not be allowed to be spoiled by monetary consideration.—*P.G., Epping, N.S.W.*

PLEASE let your friend give the kitchen tea. Many girls, denied romance, get a vicarious pleasure from the wedding excitement of their more fortunate sisters.

Do not deny them the fringe benefits of your own great happiness.—*"Love a Lover," Geelong, Vic.*

A KITCHEN TEA is an opportunity for the guests to get to know each other before the wedding, and I feel sure no one minds the few extra shillings spent on a kitchen-tea present.—*E. Chappell, Preston, Vic.*

I AGREE with Margaret Michie all the way, even though all my friends think I am off the beam. In everything these days there seems to be too much take and not enough GIVE.—*"Jan," East Kew, Vic.*

NEED the friends you would have invited to your kitchen tea also be guests at the wedding?

I consider a kitchen tea an occasion when you are able to invite friends you were unable to include in your wedding list to help and have a small part in this wonderful occasion.

They may include old school friends you were once very friendly with and whom circumstances and time have separated from you.

Also, if you are trying to cut down your actual wedding-invitation list, you can include workmates and even younger members of the family.—*J. Redpath, Toowoomba, Qld.*

IT would be all right to have the kitchen tea if your friend suggested a price limit to the guests.

This week I went to a kitchen tea and the hostess asked us to buy something useful, yet inexpensive. This saved any embarrassment and extra expense for those who were able to attend the wedding.—*"Guest," Mornington, Vic.*

MOST girls find pre-wedding parties a bore as well as an added expense. I suggest a small party at night, with both sexes invited, for those who are unable to attend the wedding or who are not invited guests.—*(Mrs.) O. Southeran, West Ryde, N.S.W.*

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For those planning a working holiday . . .

Survey of jobs in England

● Many young Australians who dream of a trip to Britain can make it come true only by getting a job while they are there.

To help them, the Overseas Visitors Club has set up an employment service, and has just issued this job survey. Wages quoted are in sterling and at London levels unless otherwise stated. Wages outside London are usually ten to 15 per cent. lower.

OVERSEAS visitors are advised to bring all their certificates, diplomas, job references, etc., with them, and in the case of teachers and nurses it is recommended that they send their proof of qualification in advance so that the authority concerned can have them officially recognised before arrival.

DOCTORS' RECEPTIONISTS: Secretarial experience is normally necessary. You should at least be a good typist. Permanent positions available only. Salary £9-£13 per week.

DENTISTS: Much in demand. Can work under National Health Service for £25-£30 weekly, often with travelling expenses and other allowances.

DENTAL NURSES/RECEPTIONISTS: Mainly permanent work available. Some jobs available for six to nine months. Nursing experience or previous work as nurse/receptionist acceptable. Pay, £8-£10 weekly.

DENTAL TECHNICIANS: Must stay at least a year. O.V.C. Employment Service can supply names of agencies who have list of vacancies. Payment must be discussed with employer.

LABORATORY TECHNICIANS (HOSPITAL): A degree is useful but not essential. A minimum of three to five years' experience, preferably in bacteriology or biochemistry would qualify you as a general or research lab. assistant. Minimum period of employment six to twelve months. Many permanent jobs available. O.V.C. can supply you with a list of hospitals. Salary £8-£10 per week on a temporary basis. A degree may boost this considerably. **Junior Assistants,** with no previous experience, require a good education. Starting salary from £7-£8 per week.

LABORATORY TECHNICIANS (INDUSTRIAL): A degree is essential for a responsible job. Permanent staff only considered. Daily newspapers advertise vacancies. Most laboratories are outside London but accommodation can be found easily. Many firms have excellent training schemes if you wish to complete studies while working in their laboratories. Salary £10 upwards for an experienced person; £8 if inexperienced.

PHARMACISTS: Write to your own pharmaceutical board before leaving home for details of employment in England. Holiday jobs available during English summer. Hospital work involves occasional weekends. Retail work is arranged on a five-and-a-half day basis and travelling expenses are often paid. Salary £20-£25 per week. **Assistants (Unqualified):** Retail stores and hospitals will accept you from time to time. Minimum stay six months. Some previous experience essential. Salary £9-£12 per week.

RADIOGRAPHERS: Must register with Society of Radiographers. It is advisable to write to the Society before leaving, as this will avoid delay in obtaining a job when you arrive in Britain. Pay £12-£13 per week.

NURSES: In great demand. You work a 44-hour week. Basic pay from £9 per week.

PHYSIOTHERAPISTS: Contact your own Society before you leave home for further details of employment in England. Temporary work easily obtained during English summer. Many permanent jobs available. Salary £10-£13 per week.

PRIVATE NURSING: O.V.C. Employment Service has special arrangements with the biggest agency in Great Britain, who are happy to take qualified nurses on a monthly basis. There are plenty of "living-in" and "living-out" jobs. Basic pay from £9 per week. Allowances bring this up to approximately £12 per week.

KARITANE AND MOTHERCRAFT (Nurses): If you wish to undertake a case in England, it is advisable that you register with the O.V.C. Employment Service on arrival, as bookings are normally made three months in advance. You must be prepared to live in. Pay £9/9/- to £10/10/- per week plus keep.

VETERINARY SURGEONS: Get in touch with your own Association for employment particulars in England. Permanent and "locum" work available. Salary £20 - £25 per week. Country jobs often include accommodation. **Assistants (Unqualified):** Jobs are not so easily found, but follow advertisements in "Veterinary Record." Previous experience and knowledge of animals an asset. You must be available for at least six months. Salary £6 - £9 per week according to previous experience, plus accommodation if you work in the country.

QUALIFIED ARCHITECTS: There are numerous openings in London and Great Britain. Minimum stay of one year essential for senior posts. There are many drawing-office vacancies on a three-to-six-monthly basis. Salary, £1000 to £2000 per annum. **Architects (Unqualified):** Many drawing-office jobs available for six months or longer. Many firms make allowances if you wish to complete your studies while working. Salary, £750 (upwards) per annum.

CIVIL AND MECHANICAL ENGINEERS: For those who intend to stay for six months or longer, many drawing - office jobs available. You should have equivalent of the Higher Certificate for a minimum of three to five years' drawing-office experience. Consultants will pay permanent staff with degrees £750 - £800 per annum to start.

SKILLED ENGINEERING TRADES: Opportunities are fairly good. Wages seldom below £12 per week, with overtime can reach £25. Almost invariably a trade union has to be joined. Many employers insist that you provide your own tools. If you bring these, insure them in transit.

MOTOR MECHANICS: Advisable to bring your own tools and remember to insure them. Pay 6/- per hour, plus overtime.

EXPERIENCED ACCOUNTANTS: In demand, particularly between March and September. Temporary jobs are available, and although permanent staff is preferred some employers will consider you for six months. Pay from £14 per week according to experience.

BOOKKEEPERS: Permanent and temporary jobs available for bookkeepers. Pay from £12 per week according to experience.

CLERICAL WORK: With typing from £9 upwards per week, without typing from £8-£9 per week.

SECRETARY / SHORTHAND TYPISTS: Wide choice of temporary and permanent jobs. Pay £12-£13 a week, more in summer.

TYPISTS: Relief jobs available in the summer, but not so easily in winter, when you are expected to stay longer. Salary from £9 per week.

JOURNALISTS: If introductions from Australian employers are produced employment might be found. Without proof of experience jobs are very difficult to get. Introductory letters don't get a job, but they help. Starting pay £20 upwards.

PRINTING: Your union can get you registered **provisionally** in Britain. This saves time when you arrive and makes job-hunting a little easier. In many printing jobs you must be prepared to stay for two years.

ADVERTISING: Only permanent staff considered. Letters of introduction useful. Success depends on your own initiative. Do not turn down a seemingly junior job (shorthand and typing useful), because it could lead to something really interesting.

TEACHERS: Supply teaching very popular with Commonwealth visitors, but not so easily obtained during winter terms (September to March). (1) Contact the Ministry of Education, Curzon House, Curzon Street, London, W.1, to ascertain whether your qualifications are recognised in Britain. (2) The London County Council requires all applicants to undergo medical examinations including X-ray. This service is provided free. (3) Contact divisional (education) officers, whose addresses can be obtained from the L.C.C. or through the O.V.C. Employment Service. The former will arrange day-to-day jobs. (4) Pay: Supply teachers recognised as qualified rate 53/6 per day for men, slightly lower for women. With more than five years' experience, pay is increased. For approved University degree, 7/6 extra is paid. Teachers with unqualified status rate 37/6 per day for men, slightly less for women. If more than three years' experience, pay is increased accordingly. (5) Supply teachers are paid only for days worked (i.e. weekends off and holidays are unpaid).

BARMEN AND BARMAIDS: Jobs for barmen and barmaids are usually "living-in" jobs. Men are paid from £6 per week plus keep, and women from £5 per week plus keep.

HOLIDAY CAMP WORK: All sorts of jobs available, mainly in the catering field, but you must be prepared to work the whole season (May till September). Pay from £8 per week plus keep.

DRIVING JOBS: You must have current driving licence. Garages often employ driver-carwashers. Pay 3/- to 4/- an hour. Car-hire firms in London occasionally employ drivers. (Watch newspaper advertisements.) Pay £8-£9 per week plus expenses. Most of the jobs are available for not less than six months.

DOMESTIC HELP: In hotels and boarding-houses, anything from washing dishes to making beds. Basic pay from 4/- per hour. Free meals usually provided.

DISHWASHING: Fairly easily obtained. Pay from 3/- per hour. Free meals usually provided.

BABYSITTING: Putting children to bed, possibly washing children's supper dishes. Pay 4/6 an hour and free meal.

MOTHER'S HELP: Usually a living-in job. Pay £4-£6 clear per week, all found. Time off arranged for sightseeing. The O.V.C. has contacts in London and the country. It is the ideal way of getting to know the English way of life.

AIR STEWARDS AND STEWARDESSES: Get in direct contact with the airlines. Desirable qualifications include knowledge of foreign languages, previous catering or nursing experience, knowledge of first-aid. Pay between £8 (during training) and £12 with overnight accommodation away from base provided by company, various allowances during flying duty. Uniforms provided.

LABORERS (mainly building and road work): Depending on type of job, pay averages from 4/- to 5/- an hour, with excellent overtime rates. O.V.C. Employment Service will give you the address of the local Government Labor Exchange.

COMMERCIAL ARTISTS: For experienced artists £13-£15 per week, but contacts useful.

FARM LABOR: Pay from £8 per week and overtime, usually with free meals. Accommodation is much cheaper than in cities, and experienced dairy farmers can earn from £10 up.

TRANSPORT DRIVERS AND CONDUCTORS: Vacancies regularly advertised. Pay varies, but average £10 per week, more with overtime, and generally includes uniform and free travel. Applicants must be prepared to take a simple general knowledge test. Permanent jobs only.

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Model course f

CASUAL OUTFITS modelled in a pet shop by schoolgirls Christine Harris (16), left, and Gabrielle Lucas (15). Christine is wearing a richly colored shirt with silk slacks, and Gabrielle a figured denim top with denim slacks.

SPRING DRESSES chosen by students Annette Kirkland (16), left, and Sue Spear (15) to wear in one of the fashion parades. Sue's is a new design in a splashy cotton print and Annette's a demure frock of pale strawcloth piped with white.

PARTY DRESS [illegible] yo[illegible] cotton is prou[illegible]displ[illegible] student from [illegible]nbu[illegible] Solomon. The [illegible]s le[illegible]

ABOVE: Ready for a fashion parade, 14-year-old schoolgirls Miriana Fristacky (left) and Maree Halliday pose in pretty dacron dresses with Rene van Willigen.

● *An unusual combined operation by Swinburne Technical College and a nearby department store in the Melbourne suburb of Hawthorn is teaching teenage schoolgirls fashion "confidence" at what can be an awkward age.*

THE scheme began late last year when Walker's Stores suggested that students attend talks there on the importance of correct foundation garments and grooming.

The girls showed such interest that it was decided to expand the course. They were taught deportment and how to model clothes, and finally appeared on the catwalk at the store's Saturday morning fashion parades.

Students from the college's dressmaking class take turns throughout the year to attend the course. Each group of 15 girls begins by going to two lectures by the store's corsetiere.

In their following weekly visits they prepare for the fashion parade which completes their course.

They learn deportment by walking up and down a flight of stairs over and over again.

The girls also try on dresses in the store's fashion department. By seeing various styles on themselves they get to know, in practice, the ones that suit them best.

And when they go shopping for new clothes they are more inclined to buy clothes that suit them. They really think about it, they say, and are therefore more confident in their choice.

A local hairdresser cuts and sets the girls' hair, and they are encouraged to choose individual hairstyles. Before a parade they have a set on Friday afternoon after school and a comb-up on Saturday morning.

Neat and nice as they look in their school uniforms, the girls are hardly recognisable when they are walking down the catwalk at their final fashion parade.

But, as their teachers, parents—and the girls themselves—notice, they now wear their school greys with more flair as a result of their training.

In the pictures on these pages, by staff photographer Jim Ellard, girls from the college model clothes supplied by the store.

30 guineas. (Mark Foys, Syd-

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r schoolgirls

ESS young teens in a dainty pink-and-white ou displayed by Elizabeth Henson, 15-year-old m bourne Technical College, for William he learn deportment during their course.

COTTON PRINT frocks featuring new-season shades worn by Myrtle Platt (14), left, and Diane Nobes (15), when they visit a fruit-shop.

ABOVE: Red flashes brilliantly in the wide front panel of the linen shift modelled by Judy Brown (15) and in the velvet bandeau Robyn Stewart (14) wears with her polished cotton dress.

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Louise Hunter — Here's your answer

Too much glamor

"I AM 19 and I'm very lonely and have no friends. I've never had a boy-friend. At the factory where I work the girls are always making fun of me and calling me names, just because I wear heavy make-up and eye-liner, short, tight dresses, and high stiletto heels to work and all the time after. One day some of the girls hid my bag with my make-up in it. I got messy and dusty and couldn't fix my make-up. I was too embarrassed to go home in the bus, so I walked the three miles to my flat in my stiletto heels. My feet were terribly blistered. Since then I have to hobble along like a cripple. I wear high heels all the time, because I'm only five feet tall. I left home when I was 15 because my mother tried to stop me wearing high heels and heavy make-up. Every week I go to two dances, but I never seem to get a dance, although I'm the most glamorous girl there. You probably think I'm silly, but I like the way I am. What I don't like is that no one seems to like me, no matter how hard I try. They always make fun of me. Please tell me your opinion of me."

H.T., Vic.

A tall order — but here goes. I think you're an unhappy mixed-up girl who hasn't got a true sense of values because she tried to be grown-up and attractive too soon — and is still trying too hard. These things aren't achieved by make-up and eye-catching clothes, which are just feminine trappings and should be combined with taste.

You need friends badly (just one good friend would help), but you're unlikely to make them until you think less about yourself and more about other people.

Start with the girls at work. Stop trying to outdo them all in glamor. They resent this — that's why they make fun of you. Be one of them. Wear lighter make-up and more casual clothes (even flatties) to work. Believe me, you'll look just as attractive — probably more so.

Don't be too stubborn and proud to make these little changes. If you can be relaxed and natural, you'll get more fun out of life. And people will like you more.

Wasting his time

"I AM 19 years old and have been going out with a boy of 24 for quite a long time. I am sure he loves me very much, and I like him, too. As he has become very possessive lately and has tried to interfere with my private life, I don't know whether I should go out with him any more or not. Besides, we are of different nationalities.

L.T.C., N.S.W.

If the difference in your nationalities bothers you, I can't understand why you've been going out with him for so long—particularly as your feelings toward him seem to be only lukewarm. Much better if you break with him. You're wasting his time.

Weekend guests

"WE are two girls whose boy-friends live 25 miles from where we live, and we are quite welcome to stay any weekend at their respective homes. We share a flat in town, and have agreed that when one stays in town the other does, too. However, one of our boy-friends expects us to go out every weekend, but we feel that by doing so we would be imposing. As our problem is causing arguments, we have written to ask your advice."

"Undecided," Tas.

Why not each have a word with the mothers of your boy-friends next time you're staying with them? Your hostesses are, after all, the ones most affected by your visits.

Although every weekend does seem rather frequent, it could be that they prefer to have their sons home for the two days (particularly if they see little of them during the week), and that they really enjoy your visits.

You can, of course, make the weekends easier and pleasanter for them by being considerate and helpful guests. And had you thought of returning a little of their hospitality by inviting the boys' mothers to dinner at your flat some time? Even if you've very little space you could manage it, so long as you keep it informal.

Afraid of rebuff

"I AM a 17-year-old youth and in love with a beautiful 16-year-old girl. My problem is that I have not got the nerve to tell this girl that I love her, as I do not know what she will do. Many times I have wanted to kiss her but I am afraid she might not speak to me again if I do. I am a frequent visitor to her home and get on well with her parents and herself. I am very worried and do not know what to do. Can you please help me?"

R.M., N.S.W.

I doubt if she is entirely unaware of the way you feel about her. She can't really believe you come to her home just to see her parents, and you've probably given yourself away in other ways which the celebrated "feminine instinct" can generally read like large type.

Take it slowly, though. Don't overwhelm her with declarations of love — just kiss her when you feel the time is right. I'd be really amazed if she refused to speak to you again.

Three's a crowd

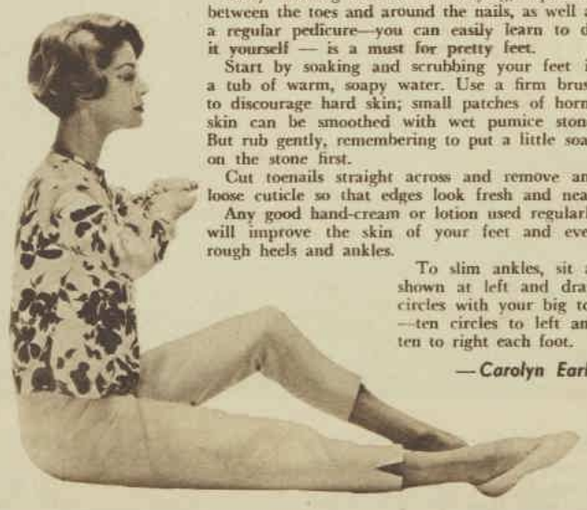
"I AM 17 years of age. The boy I am going with is really wonderful and we have a wonderful respect for each other. The trouble is that an ex-friend of his, whom I don't like, is always pestering me to go out with him. I always refuse. They are usually arguing with each other because of me. His friend is very jealous of us and is trying hard to break us up, but isn't getting far. What can I do to rid myself of this pest? He's a nuisance to both of us."

T.Z., Qld.

If you've made it really plain to this boy that you're not in the least interested in him, the next move is up to your boy-friend. Ask him to tell his persistent ex-buddy that his attentions to you are unwelcome and to leave you alone. For that matter, since the two boys are no longer friends, why don't you both avoid his company altogether?

Beauty in brief: NICE FEET

ARE your feet fit to be seen? Would you be proud to show them in open shoes or on the beach? Young feet can often be made to look nicer merely by protecting them against shoe pressure that causes a slight soreness or reddens the skin.



Daily washing and careful drying, especially between the toes and around the nails, as well as a regular pedicure—you can easily learn to do it yourself — is a must for pretty feet.

Start by soaking and scrubbing your feet in a tub of warm, soapy water. Use a firm brush to discourage hard skin; small patches of horny skin can be smoothed with wet pumice stone. But rub gently, remembering to put a little soap on the stone first.

Cut toenails straight across and remove any loose cuticle so that edges look fresh and neat.

Any good hand-cream or lotion used regularly will improve the skin of your feet and even rough heels and ankles.

To slim ankles, sit as shown at left and draw circles with your big toe —ten circles to left and ten to right each foot.

—*Carolyn Earle*

A word from Debbie

CALLING all would - be explorers. Load yourselves up with cameras, maps, sensible shoes, hot coffee, and food, and head for historic places.

Sounds a little far-fetched?

It's not really. All you need is an interest in your own locality, town, or city, for every place has a small part of its own in history.

You may have a century-old church or the ruins of an old school or mansion just waiting to be rediscovered.

If you can't find such things yourself, have a talk with your local town or shire clerk. He should be able to give you all the information you need on places of historic interest, or the address of your nearest historical society.

So organise your party of explorers and equip yourselves for an exciting day. You'll be surprised at all the items of interest you'll uncover. You may even discover something new about your area yourselves.

Unsure sixteen

"I AM 16 years old and have an inferiority complex. If I have a ladder in my stocking, I think everyone is staring at me. If my lipstick is smudged or my mascara has run, I get the crazy idea that people think I look just awful. Is there a cure for this or do all girls my age feel like this?"

"Inferior," Vic.

Lots of girls your age — and much older — feel the way you do. There isn't any miraculous cure. As you grow up you should develop more assurance and worry less about what other people may think (particularly strangers).

In the meantime, remember that a little more time and care with externals like dress and make-up can do wonders for a girl's self-confidence. And it might help you to realise that with a fresh, young — and happy — face you'll never really look "just awful."

Making up

"I AM a girl of 17 and have been going steady with a boy of 20 for quite a while. I do not like any other boys and have not been out with any. He said he hadn't taken any other girls out, either. Not so long ago I had an argument with him and we broke up. I still like him a lot. Should I write and say I'm sorry about the argument as it was my fault, or should I wait and see what he does?

"Broken Heart," Vic.

Since the fault was yours, you should write and tell him you're sorry without delay. There's no "rule" which says the boy should make the first move in these matters, yet lots of foolish girls prolong a quarrel because they imagine it to be undignified or unfeminine to give in first. It's neither.

● *Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.*

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LISTEN HERE—with Diane Roberts

At 14, Johnny stops a television show

● He's a miniature bundle of pep, bubble, and go. He's not yet five feet tall, he's 14 years old, and his name is Johnny Litchfield.

HE sings and plays guitar, and really throws himself into a number. "I just love what I'm doing, so I have a good time," he said.

Johnny always used to sing around the house, and one day his family talked him into auditioning for television. Next thing he knew he was appearing on "Monday Showcase."

He then auditioned for "Opportunity Knocks" and was such a hit he was asked to sing on "Comedy Capers" and then "Saturday Date."

On a recent appearance on "Saturday Date," Johnny stopped the show. Compere Jimmy Hannan was so delighted he insisted Johnny sing another number.

Despite his success, Johnny is concentrating on his second-year studies at Narwee Boys' High School, in Sydney.

"Mum makes sure my schoolwork comes first," he said.

But when it comes to singing, Johnny's 16-year-old brother Stuart is his helpmate.

"When I practise at home Stuart is my audience," said Johnny. "He tells me when I'm not enunciating words correctly, and if he doesn't like the way I present a number he suggests changes.

"He also helps me with my homework," he added with a grin.

For his own enjoyment at home Johnny plays the drums. "I did a gimmick appearance on Bobby Limb's 'Sound of Music' playing the drums," he said, "but I don't think I'm good enough yet to make it part of my act."

Johnny also taught himself to play the guitar and is now taking advanced lessons.

When he's finished school Johnny plans to make show business his career. As Jimmy Hannan said when he announced Johhny on his show, "Here comes Johnny Litchfield — look out!"

JOHNNY LITCHFIELD, the 14-year-old schoolboy who is getting a wonderful reception on teenage TV shows.

HE LIKES POPS —TO A DEGREE

● A Dutch sociologist is carrying out a strange study—he's trying to discover what "makes" a hit song.

"IF we can discover why people like certain pop music then we have solved one of the major mysteries of our time," says the sociologist Professor Herman de Grott.

His research, which involves listening to 2500 pop discs (he's already worn out one 'gram) and questioning fans, is backed by a £5000 grant from the Dutch Government.

That's what's known as money for jam (session)!

While I wish Prof. de Grott all the luck in the world, I don't think he's the right man for the job.

I believe a graduate of some faculty other than sociology would be better equipped to handle hits.

Here's what I mean . . .

A Bachelor of Arts, for instance, would obviously beat Prof. de Grott hands down at analysing one old favorite.

You know, the one that goes, "We are poor little lambs who have lost our way—B.A., B.A., B.A."!

And, wouldn't one expect an expert geologist, rather than a sociologist, to best "dig" the "rock"—or even Judy **Stone?**

Also, for heaven's sake, let an astronomer study Lucky Starr!

Law graduates, too, would be good judges of songs about courting, wouldn't they?

Pop songs involving animals (say, "How Much is that Doggy in the Window?") should, of course, fall to the lot of professors of Veterinary Science.

Or, perhaps, to the odd B.A., **Oxon!**

Professors of Medicine could well diagnose the limb-o.

The professor is popular with neighboring kids, but many of their parents have complained.

The professor will press on, however. In the interests of science, I suppose!

By the way, it seems that Prof. de Grott should learn how to make a "hit" with his wife.

She, I read, has left home while the professor is spinning out his work.

"It's like living in a juke-box," she said.

Apparently, until the noisy study's over she's gone, man, real gone!

—Robin Adair

A NEW single by **The Page Boys,** "If Tears Could Speak" (Festival), is a sad ballad that's not bad, but it's not good, either. The flip is a thumped-up version of the oldie "Old Buttermilk Sky," complete with choruses, hand-clapping and a cha cha rhythm.

HANDSOME singer **Tim Gaunt** has gone back to sea. Several years ago he left his training as a ship's officer to join the vocal group The Windjammers. After making a film with them in Norway, he returned to Australia and began singing on his own.

Tim has now decided to finish his mariner's training, but will make TV appearances when his ship is in Sydney, and in Fiji he will do a half-hour show once a month at Suva's biggest theatre.

IT'S some time since **Tommy Sands** has had a hit disc, but he could do it with his new single, "A Young Man's Fancy" and "Connie" (Ampar). "Connie" is a slow, pretty ballad, but "A Young Man's Fancy" will be the big side.

A NEW single from **Buddy Holly** has "Brown Eyed Handsome Man" backed with "Won't You Come Out Tonight" (Coral), both good beaty rock numbers. Buddy Holly had a voice that never dates, and this is a good one to add to your collection.

LONG **John Laws,** sounding very sad, sings "One Small Photograph" (W & G 45) without any gimmicks. It proves that he has a rich melodic voice and can really sing.

"Prison Of Love" on the flip is a good beaty number but has a stereotyped arrangement.

I would like to see Long John leave Country and Western material alone for a while and release a straight folk-song disc.

ONE of the greatest hit-recording groups in the States today is **The Four Seasons.** On their latest single, "Candy Girl" and "Marlena" (Festival) have a similar sound, but are big, big numbers.

JOHNNY O'KEEFE'S great single "Move Baby Move" and "You'll Never Cherish a Love So True" has been released in Canada and the United States. I think it's the best O'Keefe has ever done, and if it doesn't take off I'll be very surprised.

WHETHER you like or dislike **Mel Torme,** you must admit "Comin' Home Bay" is a fabulous album (Atlantic). This is Torme at his best, and it's a swinging, smooth, smasharoo of a job.

AS a millionaire playboy on the French Riviera, singer **Tony Brady** feels he has begun a new life—but before you girls rush the tourist agencies I must add that this is the role Tony will play in "A Touch Of The Sun" at the Genesian Theatre in Sydney.

Tony, who has one of the lead roles, is thrilled about making his acting debut.

"I once did a pantomime with Patsy Ann Noble," he said, "but that was such fun I didn't regard it as a great acting challenge."

WORTH HEARING

SCHUMANN: Scenes from Childhood

THERE are not many great composers whose names we associate with a happy and orderly domestic life. Bach, with his 20 children, is one of them, of course. Another is Schumann, whose marriage to pianist Clara Wieck was strictly in accordance with Victorian ideas of domestic bliss.

So it seems natural that both Bach and Schumann should have left us music that reflects the pleasures of family life: Bach in his books of keyboard pieces specially written for the use of his wife, Anna Magdalena, and his son Friedemann; Schumann in his piano works "Scenes from Childhood" and "Album for the Young."

"Scenes from Childhood," which contains some of Schumann's best and most characteristic music for piano, is the major work on a new CBS record by Vladimir Horowitz, one of the finest interpreters of Romantic piano music.

Schumann was a skilful and sensitive miniaturist, and in each of these 13 little pieces (with titles like "Blind Man's Buff," "An Important Event," "Dreaming") he finds just the right musical idea to conjure up the scene.

The disc includes another, more virtuoso-like piece by Schumann, "Toccata," as well as works by Scarlatti, Schubert, and Scriabin.

—Martin Long

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TOP TEENS IN SPORT No. 17

'Baby' of hockey team

• Bright-eyed Shirley Francis, a 17-year-old of Kulin, W.A., will soon be packing her bags (and her hockey stick) for a trip to America which she regards as "sheer make-believe."

By Cynthia Robinson

FOR Shirley, the "baby" of The Australian Women's Hockey Team which will compete in this year's International Tournament in Baltimore, U.S.A., is still afraid she'll wake up one morning and find her selection was all part of some wonderful dream.

The team was announced at a dinner in Hobart following Western Australia's victory last year in the All-Australia Women's Hockey carnival.

Shirley, a member of that winning team, regards the announcement of her name in the touring team as "the most exciting and most unbelievable moment in my life."

Since the age of 10, when she became a member of the Kulin Women's Hockey Team and played in country district competition with girls up to eight years older than herself, she'd dreamed of such a moment.

"But I didn't believe it would arrive so soon," she said.

"I thought that with a lot of luck I might have a chance of selection for the Australian team to go to Germany for the International Tournament in 1967.

"But America this year? Well, gee, I just thought I was too young even to be considered."

Shirley first represented her State at hockey in a match at Brisbane in 1961, when she was just 15.

A year earlier she'd moved to Perth to attend Hollywood High School and (perhaps more importantly) to join the Surf Hockey Club.

This club—the largest and one of the oldest women's hockey clubs in W.A.—has had a formidable list of members selected for State teams, including Joyce Bailey, last year's State captain, Pat Mitchell, and Lucie Sanders.

Shirley has been fortunate, or shrewd, in having a top coach as well as a top club. She is trained by Mrs. May Campbell (formerly May Pearce), one of a family of hockey-playing sisters who have all represented Australia in international hockey.

The success Shirley has had in sport—she has also shown promise in tennis, golf, cricket, and athletics—has not surprised her parents or her two younger brothers.

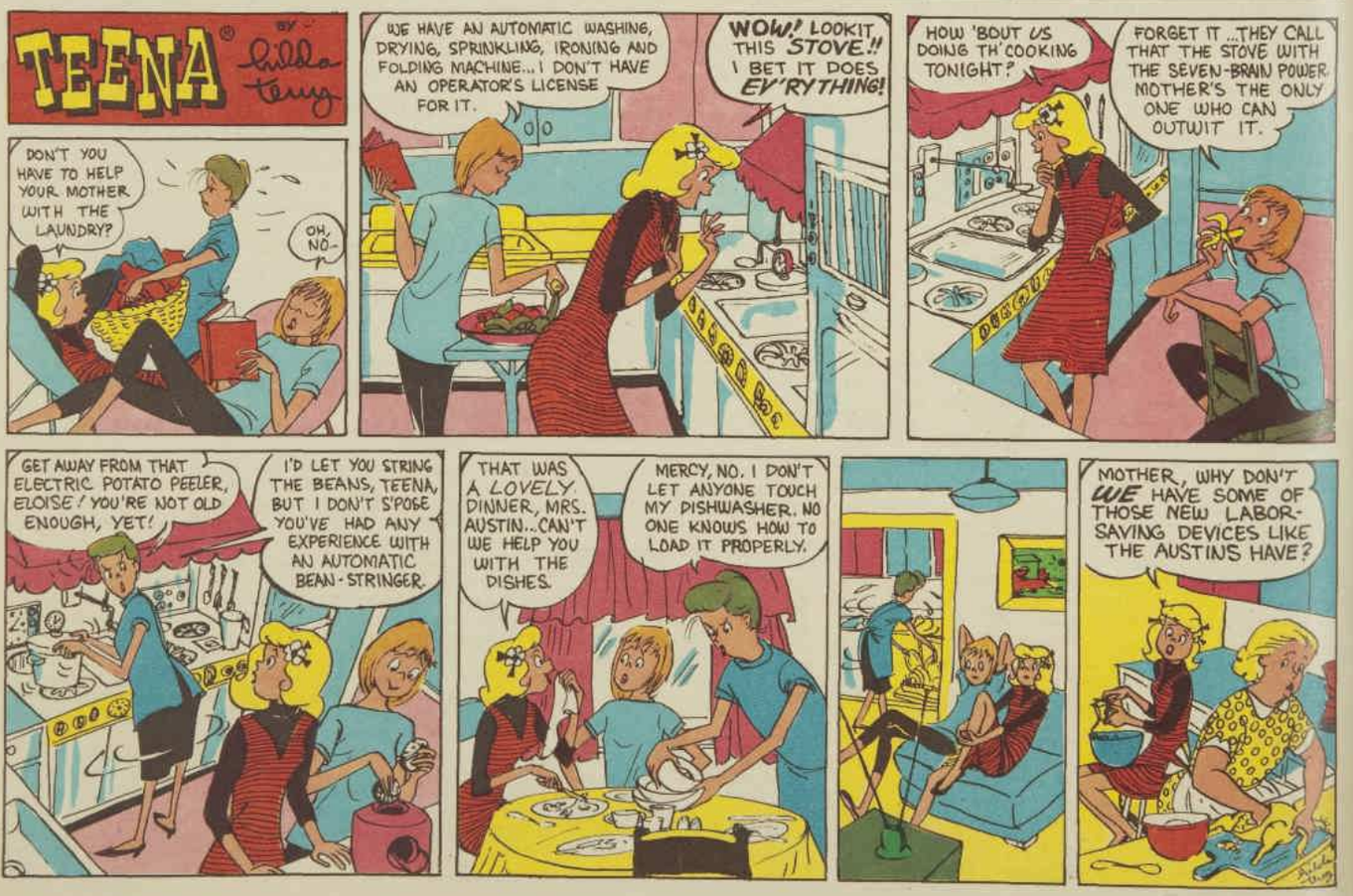
Sporting enthusiasm and ability run in the family—Mrs. Francis was Kulin Tennis Club and Golf Club champion.

Shirley, who lives and works in Perth, is so busy training for hockey these days that she has little time to go home to see her family, and no time for other hobbies.

Her main ambition is to travel, and through hockey she has already seen much of Australia—and won her first big trip to America.

Next week: Glenys Beasley

SHIRLEY FRANCIS, who has been playing competition hockey since she was 10, begins her international career this year as a member of the Australian Women's Hockey Team.



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